# Everlasting Salvation

CHARLES FORBES TAYLOR

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## *GOSPEL ADDRESSES*

By
CHARLES FORBES TAYLOR
*Author of "The Riveter's Gang"*

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*To My Wife*
*and*
*Charles the Third.*

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# Contents


I. Can a Person be Saved Instantly? . . 9

II. Can a Person, Once Saved, Ever be Lost? 19

III. The Unchangeable Christ . . . . 33

IV. The Science of the Unseen . . . . 46

V. The Cost of Salvation . . . . . 58

VI. Three Kinds of Knowledge . . . . . 67

VII. The Man of the Hour . . . . . 77

VIII. What's in a Name? . . . . . 89

IX. The Relation of The Movies to the American Home . . . . . 102

X. What is Patriotism? . . . . . 116

# I

## CAN A PERSON BE SAVED INSTANTLY?

*"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life."*—JOHN 5:24.

A CELEBRATED artist once painted a picture of the Lord's Supper. When he had, as he thought, brought it to perfection, he called in his friends to view it. After viewing it they passed a unanimous remark, "What magnificent cups!" After they had left his studio, the artist stood for a moment looking at his picture. Then he picked up a paint brush, loaded it with color, and obliterated every one of the cups. They had hidden the chief feature of the picture. They had hidden the Christ.

I don't want to be "the cups." Sometimes I wish I could get out of sight, and then perhaps people would be more inclined to listen to a message from God. We preachers put so much of ourselves into a message—so much of our own thoughts and ideas—that Christ is often excluded. Yet the world needs Christ more than it does any person in the world, and the business of a preacher is not to give his own message, but to interpret *God's* message to a dying world. If you will seek for God's message to you in the words of my text, you

will find in them a blessing that will fill your soul with joy. Look beyond the commonplace things, look beyond the human things; set your mind upon Jesus and He will answer this question for you—"Can a person be saved instantly?" Let us analyze the text together: "*He that heareth My Word. . . .*"

As an embassador for Christ, I am to represent Him, not myself. He is my President, and I am under bond to Him to deliver His Word. My instructions are in His book, and a grave responsibility rests upon me to interpret them correctly, for some day I must answer to Him for the way I have handled my ambassadorship. "Preach the Word," are my instructions. "Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. . . . My Word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. . . . My Word is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword." The Bible, then, is for me the infallible Word of God. Rightly divided, I believe it to be the hope of a lost world. It is not to be put into comparison with other literature or other religions, for it transcends all other literature, and every other religion is as naught compared with it. It is God's revelation to you and to me, showing us the way whereby we may find Him.

*"Within this ample volume lies*
*The mystery of mysteries.*
*Happiest they of human race,*

*To whom their God has given grace*
*To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,*
*To lift the latch, to force the way;*
*And better had they ne'er been born,*
*That read to doubt, or read to scorn."*

So sang Sir Walter Scott, and when he lay dying he said to Lockhart, his son-in-law, " Read to me." And you will remember that when Lockhart asked what book he should read, the great Scotsman's answer was: " There *is* but one Book." In Scotland that one Book means the Bible. " Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

William Ewart Gladstone, one of England's greatest statesmen, resting his hand upon the Bible, once said: " This is the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture. I base my soul's eternal salvation upon this Book." Ah, my friend, just as there is only one sun to lighten this world naturally, so there is only one Book to lighten it spiritually. Just as the moon borrows its light from the sun, so every other good book borrows its light from the Bible. If you do not believe the Bible to be God's Word, nothing that I can say will help you to find either salvation or God. For all of my theology is based upon its authority. God help you to listen to His Word and live.

" *He that heareth My Word,*" says the text, " *and believeth on Him that sent Me.* . . ."

" My Father sent Me into the world," was the claim of Jesus. He came to reveal His Father to you and me. The world has never had any intimate knowledge of God except through Jesus.

"No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." Jesus Himself proved that by saying, "No man cometh to the Father but by Me. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Therefore my knowledge of God as my Father, can only come through my belief in Christ as the thought, the expression, the outpouring of God. Without Christ I have no intimate knowledge of a God who will receive me as His child. What does that mean? It means that I am to believe that God, in order to reveal Himself to me, sent His only begotten Son into the world, that through the Son I might know the Father. It means that I am to believe that this Son was supernaturally conceived of the Holy Spirit and born of a virgin; that is, He was born without the curse of sin resting upon Him as it rests upon all those who are children of men. It means that I am to believe that He lived a sinless life, and died upon Calvary's Cross, bearing my sin for me. He who knew no sin became sin for me, thereby breaking down the separating veil between God and myself. In my sin I could not approach God, for God cannot look upon sin; but I offer Jesus as my sin-bearer, holding Him before me as a shield between me and the Infinite. God hears my cry and receives me as His son, for He looks at me through Jesus, seeing me clothed and covered with the righteousness of Christ my Lord.

Do you believe in Jesus? Do you believe that He died in your place—for you, a sinner? If you

do, then listen! "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath everlasting life*—hath—now—instantly—present possession. One night my Dad asked a crowd, "What does 'hath' mean?" And a young fellow in the back of the hall shouted out, "It means, 'Got it!'" That is it, exactly—sure, secure possession. Have *you* got it? Are you saved? Do you know it? If you do not, would you not like to know that you have passed from death unto life?

Do you believe? "Yes," I hear somebody say, "I *do* believe that Jesus died for me, but I don't feel saved. I have no assurance of my salvation, or that He has forgiven my sin." That counts for nothing. Your feelings will change a hundred times a day; don't depend upon them. Christ saves you—not your feelings. You must rest upon Him, cast your burden upon Him if you would know yourself to be saved.

Here is a man drowning, and someone goes into the water to save him. He cannot save himself or he would; therefore there is no power in him to save. The power is in his saviour, the one who dives after him. When one tries to save a drowning man, one finds that, as a rule, instead of trusting absolutely in the power of his saviour, the man tries to drown the saviour along with himself. Sometimes it is advisable to use all the force there is in a well-placed fist in order to get a drowning man to understand that he must be passive if he would be saved. Sometimes I feel like preaching

that way to people who are trying to climb into heaven in some way of their own. I feel like saying, " Be still, O soul, and let thy God save thee." Too many are trying to assist the Saviour, and in so doing cause Him ten times more trouble than He would have, if they, themselves, would only be still. If you can get a drowning man to relax, and trust utterly to the one who is trying to take him to shore, it is an easy matter to save him. I don't care if he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, he can be saved if only he will trust.

Nor do I care what manner of sinner you may be, if only you will wholly trust in Jesus, He will save you. But you cannot rest upon yourself or your feelings. It must be His power, and His alone, that saves you, a hopeless and helpless sinner. " *Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.*"

Yet, some may say, " I believe all that, yet I am not sure that I am saved." Then, my friend, you make God a liar. You are doubting God, and not yourself. God says " If you believe, you have everlasting life." You say, " I believe, and have not "; therefore God must have failed you and you have said He is a liar. The moment you honestly believe on Jesus as your personal Saviour from sin, and surrender your will to Him, that moment —that second—you are saved. I do not care what you have been, I do not care what you are, I do not care if your past is as black as midnight. He will save you *instantly* if you believe and accept

Him. I know it, because I have proved it. I have evidence, both internal and external, of His power instantly to save.

First of all, *He has saved me.* That is internal evidence. I want no other way than Christ, who said, "*I* am the Way." I want no other door than Christ, who said, "*I* am the Door." I need no other light than Christ, who said, "*I* am the Light." I am assured in my heart that His blood cleanses from all sin.

*"I want no other argument,*
*I have no other plea,*
*It is enough that Jesus died,*
*And that He died for me."*

Then, *He has saved others.* That is external evidence. Have you ever been to a Rescue Mission and heard the testimonies given by those who have been saved by the grace of God from the very depths of sin? If you have, you will remember how these men can tell, to the very second, when they were converted. They know that it was an instantaneous process. Millions could testify to the saving power of Jesus if I could but bring them before you. But I offer you only a few cases that have come down in history to prove the saving grace of God in Christ Jesus, and I defy you to explain these men, other than by and through the saving power of the Son of God.

Here is a man, a pirate on the high seas. Who would ever think that God would take possession of a man like that? But, one day, God stepped on

to that man's ship and into his heart. The power of Christ changed him from a pirate into a poet, and one of the sweetest poets that ever lived, for he wrote that beautiful hymn, commencing,

*"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds,*
*In a believer's ear;*
*It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,*
*And drives away his fear."*

The name of that one-time pirate was John Newton.

Here is another man, dealing out damnation to his fellow-men behind a saloon-bar; who would ever think God would take hold of a man like that? But Christ came to seek and to save the lost, and one day He stepped behind that saloon-bar into that young man's heart, and changed him into a veritable firebrand for God—one whose great voice could be heard on the Bristol road a mile away, pleading with the coal miners of Kingswood to prepare to meet their God! He came to the United States and preached to more people than any other one man ever addressed without the aid of the radio. It is estimated that, at times, his congregation exceeded seventy thousand people, who stood in the open air while this man of God proclaimed the message of a crucified Christ. He is buried in this country, and every student of Christian work should read the life of George Whitefield, a man on fire for God.

Here is a young man who, by his gambling habits, broke his old father's heart, and brought

him, in sorrow, to the grave. God instantly saved this prodigal, and he became one of the greatest men of faith the world has ever known. He built an orphanage, put in it two thousand orphans, kept them coming and going, one decade after another, for sixty-five years, and never asked a human soul for a penny. Think of feeding a family of two thousand, three or four meals a day, simply by faith in God! The fame of this man and his power with God have gone around the world, and millions of Christians have been strengthened by the faith and example of George Müller, of Bristol, now gone home to his reward.

Here is another man. When he went down the street the neighbours were in the habit of shutting their doors so that they would not hear his vile language. He, himself, said afterwards that he marvelled that God could save a sinner such as he. Yet God *did* save him, and that instantly, and he became a preacher of the Gospel. So steadfastly did he preach that they put him in jail, and kept him there for thirteen years, visited only by his little blind daughter. But from that prison his eye of faith caught a glimpse of the New Jerusalem, and he has led tens of thousands from the City of Destruction through the little Wicket-Gate on to the Celestial City. The book he wrote in Bedford Jail has been translated into more languages than any other book, the Bible excepted, and it is recognized as one of the two or three great religious classics of all time. You know both it and its author—*Pilgrim's Progress,* and John Bunyan.

These are facts. They prove the power of Christ to utterly revolutionise the lives of those who put their trust in Him. Just as each of these men received life by a believing look at the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, so may you. He can instantly save you. Quicker than the lightning's flash, quicker than a shell can be fired from a fourteen-inch gun, quicker than the radio's voice can flash around the globe, will the Light of the world illumine your darkened, sin-tossed soul, if you will call upon Him. Will you trust Him? "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life.*" God help you to know this truth in your own heart.

*"I was once far away from the Saviour,*
*And as vile as a sinner could be;*
*And I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,*
*Could save a poor sinner like me?*

*"And then, in that dark, lonely hour,*
*A voice sweetly whispered to me,*
*Saying, 'Christ, the Redeemer, has power*
*To save a poor sinner like thee.'*

*"I then fully trusted in Jesus;*
*And oh, what a joy came to me!*
*My heart was filled with His praises,*
*For saving a sinner like me.*

*"No longer in darkness I'm walking,*
*For the light is now shining on me;*
*And now unto others I'm telling*
*How He saved a poor sinner like me."*

## II

## CAN A PERSON, ONCE SAVED, EVER BE LOST?

*"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me . . . shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."*—JOHN 5:24.

A MAID in a preacher's house, in England, became a Christian. She was so full of the story of her salvation that she could not keep quiet about it. So, one day, she walked into a grocery store, and said to the man behind the counter, "I have something that you cannot buy nor sell."

"What is it?" asked the grocer good-humoredly.

"Everlasting life," was the astonishing reply.

"Nonsense," said the grocer, who was a good churchman, "nobody can know *that,* this side the grave."

Eventually the news of the girl's conversion reached the ears of her master, who had been a preacher in the Established Church of England for forty years. One morning, when the maid carried her master's breakfast in to him, he said to her: "What is this I have been hearing about you, Mary—that you have everlasting life?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl. "I have."

"Mary," returned the preacher, "I am surprised that such an intelligent young woman as you are, should make such a foolish mistake. Are you not aware that *nobody* will know whether they have everlasting life or not until they stand at the judgment bar of God? It is presumption to say you have everlasting life *now*. If you wanted to know anything about such an important subject, why did you not come to me? Surely I could have answered your questions, and saved you from the ridiculous statements you have been making."

"I will ask him some questions now," Mary thought.

Out loud she said, "Well, sir, there are a few things that bother me, and after what you have said, I wonder if you would answer some questions for me now?"

With a complacent smile upon his face at having won a point, the preacher said, "Certainly, Mary, I shall be glad to do anything I can to help you."

"Could you, then, tell me what 'hath' means?" asked Mary.

"Why, that is a very simple question. 'Hath' means having a thing—present possession."

"Thank you, sir. Could you tell me what 'shall not' means?"

"Why, whatever is the girl driving at? 'Shall not'? Why, Mary, there is a little girl downstairs eleven years old who can tell you what 'shall not' means. But, never mind. So long as I promised to answer you, I will. Now, if I were to say to

you ' Mary, I shall not raise your wages as long as you stay with me,' would you know what I meant? "

" Yes, sir. I should know that I need not expect any more than I am getting now." Then, pulling out a little pocket Testament, Mary turned to John 5: 24 and said, " It says here, sir, ' Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word,' —I have *heard* the Word, sir—' and believeth on Him that sent Me,'—I *have* believed, sir—' hath ' —present possession—' everlasting life, and shall not '—need not expect to—' come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.' "

Clearing his throat, the preacher said, " Very well, Mary, you may go downstairs."

There was nothing more to be said. The theologian was refuted by the Word, and it is my purpose to bring you face to face with the Word. What you do with it is your own responsibility. If you are a Christian, I hope this message will strengthen your faith, and stimulate you to do your duty to Jesus Christ. If you are a backslider, I hope it will cause you to turn your footsteps homeward. If you have never yet found Christ, I hope that it may bring you into relationship with Jesus.

Some of you who read these lines will not agree with me. Your minds are already made up, and if an archangel were to proclaim something differing from your belief, you would reject His Word. You make the Bible conform to your belief instead of making your belief conform to the Bible. By selecting texts of Scripture at random, without

taking into account their context, and the circumstances under which they were used, and without discovering to whom they were addressed, you can make the Bible prove anything you want. As Dr. G. Campbell Morgan says, "It will even prove that you ought to commit suicide. For we read that 'Judas went and hanged himself,' and also, 'Go thou and do likewise,' and, again, 'What thou doest, do quickly.'" Russellism and Christian Science can quote the Bible and apparently prove their arguments from it; but they do but twist the Scriptures to their own destruction. Some of us are followers of the theology of John Calvin, or of John Wesley, or of John Knox, or of Alexander Campbell, before we are followers of the Word of God. I never knew a man who studied the Bible for himself, without any preconceptions, who ever came to any other conclusion concerning the security of the believer than the one here presented. The man who will read the Word of God with an unbiassed mind, trying to "rightly divide the Word of truth," will find that God will tell him the things he needs to know. Don't take my word for it, I may be wrong. Don't take any other preacher's word for it, or any denomination's teaching concerning it; take God's Word. Here is the text again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, *and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*" These are the words of Jesus Himself. They are from Headquarters.

I assume, of course, that you have everlasting life. We dealt with that in the last chapter. You have trusted Jesus as your Saviour; you have been redeemed by His blood; you are now a child of God and co-heir with Jesus in the Kingdom of God. And you may go on, if you so desire, and appropriate to yourself this promise: *You shall not come into condemnation.*

But, some will ask, "What about the Judgment?" And I answer from the Word: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation [judgment] to them who are in Christ Jesus."

"Ah! but the Bible says we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and therefore there *is* a judgment even for the Christian," someone will reply.

Yes, it is true that every Christian will appear at the judgment seat of Christ, but no sinners will be there. This passage was written to the Christian Church, and does not apply to children of the devil, any more than a letter that I might write to my wife would apply to any other people in the community in which she lives. Christians will stand at the judgment seat of Christ to receive the reward for the deeds done in the body—as Christians—not to be judged for their sins. Christ was judged for our sins upon Calvary's Cross. He became the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. God will not demand payment twice, and I offer to Him my receipt, which is Jesus Christ.

Again, some will ask, "What about sins after

conversion? " In answering that, let us examine for a moment our dual nature.

A sinner dead in trespasses and sins has only one nature, that is, the nature of sin—the old nature, the nature of the flesh and corruption. A Christian has two natures; the old *and* the new, the flesh and the spirit. Christ has imparted to us a new life from above—a spiritual life, a life hid with Himself in God. So long as we live in this mortal body we shall be possessed of the old nature. That old nature is condemned, it is under the penalty of death, and unless Christ comes in His glory to change our mortal bodies into the glorious likeness of His resurrection body, it will return to the dust from whence it came until the resurrection morning, when it will be raised a spiritual body.

It is true that we are told, " If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Old things have passed away and all things have become new, but so long as we carry this mortal frame we shall find that it is subject to the frailties of mortality—sickness, suffering, anxiety, weariness, pain, sin. But just as surely as a man, by taking care of himself physically, can lift himself above the ills that flesh is heir to, living to a ripe and healthy old age by temperance in all things, so the Christian, by sowing to the spiritual nature and developing it by communion with God, can rise above the adversities of the spirit, and prevent sin from having dominion over him. The spiritual nature does not sin because it is born of God, and that which

is born of God cannot commit sin, for God is sinless.

If a Christian live a worldly life, sowing to the flesh, he shall of the flesh reap corruption. He will suffer for his sin *down here* and also lose his reward in heaven. But a Christian has an advocate with the Father, and "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If the Christian's sin remain unconfessed he will certainly suffer for it, but the sin that will cause eternal ruin has been blotted out. That sin is the sin of unbelief. Oh, the tragedy of the worldly Christian who stands at the judgment seat of Christ to hear his Lord's rebuke and loses his reward! Saved by the skin of his teeth, as it were, because God cannot go back on His Word, but with no fruit to show for a life of Christian seedtime and harvest.

"Such a Christian *ought* to lose the life Christ gave him," somebody may say.

But how could he lose it if that life were an everlasting life? It is a spiritual and logical impossibility to lose a life that lives forever. "My sheep hear My voice, I know them and they follow Me. I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." So said Jesus. And you remember that Paul, in the ecstacy of his knowledge of Christ, said, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to

separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And there is another illuminating verse in the first chapter of the Gospel according to John, verse twelve, which reads, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." This shows that the Christian stands in the same relation to God as an earthly son does to his father.

To understand that relationship the Christian should understand the difference between communion and union. Our union with God can never be severed, even as the union of father and son cannot be severed. I shall always be my father's son. Even though my father disinherit me legally, he cannot change my blood relationship to him. I can never hold the same relationship to any other man that I hold to my father. To illustrate this: Look at the Prodigal Son; here he is after spending his all in riotous living, feeding swine, clothed in rags, with unkempt hair and beard, emaciated with hunger.

A man approaches him and asks, "Hello, who are you?"

With what semblance of dignity he can command, the Prodigal draws himself to his full height and says, "I am the son of merchant So-and-so."

"What!" laughs the stranger, "you a son of old man So-and-so? Why, boy, he has hogs better fed than you."

The Prodigal Son was telling the truth, but his testimony had lost its note of authenticity. No-

body believed him. Some Christians are out feeding swine; they, too, have lost their testimony. Nobody believes in their Christianity, though if truly converted, they do belong to God. Friend, if you are one of them, do what the Prodigal Son did—turn to your Father's house. Behold the change in this young man! He has confessed his sin, the ring has been put upon his finger, rich clothes have been put upon his back, and he has eaten of the fatted calf. Walking down the street, he meets the same man who accosted him out in the fields, feeding swine.

"Good morning," greets the stranger, "have I not seen you before, somewhere?"

"You have," is the reply of the returned Prodigal, "I am the man you disbelieved when I told you I was the son of merchant So-and-so, out there in the far country, when I was feeding swine."

"I beg your pardon, sir," returns the stranger, "but I must say you did *not* look the part, out there with the swine."

The young man is now accepted at his face value; *he looks the part*. But he is, and has been, the same son all the time, and his relationship has not changed one iota. May God help every one of us to look and live the part of true children of God. We are not our own. We are bought by the blood of Jesus. We are born into the family of God through the blood-sacrifice of God's only begotten Son. If we are truly born into His family by blood, we cannot become unborn, for the Bible says our lives are hidden, with Christ, in God.

Here is a book, here is a pencil: the pencil represents the life that Christ imparts. I put the pencil into the book—my life is hidden with Christ. I pick up another book and put the first book inside it—my life is hidden *with* Christ *in* God. Now, before the devil or any one can get at my life hidden with Christ in God, he must go through God,—represented by the first book—then get into Christ,—represented by the second book—and then get my life. Thank God, that is something all hell cannot accomplish!

However, though our union with God cannot be severed, our communion with God can be severed even as communion can be severed in human experience. If I were to leave the preaching of the Gospel and take up some worldly pursuit, I should grieve my father's heart, and there would not be the same companionship between us that has existed for more than twenty years as we have travelled together in the Lord's work. Our joy and communion would be severed. Now, many of us, as Christians, by our disobedience unto the heavenly vision, our worldliness and sin, lose our communion with God. A prayer of a good many church members today ought to be the prayer of David, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." We have lost the joy of Christian service. A prayer meeting has no longer any appeal; the study of the Bible is a hopeless task, for it has become dry and dull; the house of God is a place we stay away from as often as possible. Instead of having our lights set upon a hill so that they

cannot be hid, we have allowed them to become blurred, until the reflector gives out no reflection of the Light of the world. We have failed to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit and have become a reproach to the precious Name of Jesus. God help us! If we are truly God's children, although disobedient ones, there will never be joy in our hearts until we return to our Father and confess our sin. Let us tell Him all, and we shall find the old joy and peace and satisfaction coming back, and people will say of us as they did of the disciples at Antioch, "These are Christ-ians," for we shall be like our Master, even Jesus Christ.

I cannot answer all the criticisms which this address may invoke from those who do not agree with it. But I should like to answer one criticism that has often been made to me personally.

"According to that teaching," people have said, "all I have to do is accept Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, and then go out and live as I please. It does not make any difference what I do, I shall still go to heaven, if only 'by the skin of my teeth.'"

This is an assumption no single soul has any right to make. I say to you that if a man honestly trust Jesus as his personal Saviour, he will go out to live to please Him and not himself. No man can say he believes in Jesus as his one and only Lord and then go out and live for the devil. He may *say* he believes, but he is just as much a prevaricator as the man who tells me he loves his wife yet who, all the time, is living in violation of his

marriage vows. Such a man has never cried, "God be merciful to me a helpless, worthless, hell-deserving sinner."

I am not now talking about the man who may try to serve Jesus and because of some weakness, fail, chiefly on account of his inability to rest in the power of Christ to keep, as well as save him. That man, if he really surrender himself to Jesus, will not stay down, no matter what his failings. He will keep coming back to his Lord, until, one day, he will walk the pathway of a strong, Christian life.

I have a little boy who, not long ago, was engaged in trying to take his first step. He would pull himself up to his feet and strive to go from one chair to another. Smack, he would go—down on his face. But he did not stay there. He kept on trying until he could walk across the room, and now he can outwalk me, at times. The man who stays down in his professed Christian life is the man who has not the power of the Spirit in him. He has a profession but no possession, for if he really be a child of God, he will grow like a baby in strength and grace. He will learn to take hold of his Father's hand, even as my baby does when he comes to a street crossing, and the time will come when he will walk strongly and vigourously the Christian journey.

From all this you will gather that I do not believe much in backsliders. There are some, I know, but not half so many as we sometimes try to make out. Most of the backsliders of this day

have never seen themselves as lost sinners; they have never trusted Jesus for their salvation. Jesus said to the Pharisees, "If God were your Father ye would love Me." Friend, if God is your Father and Jesus Christ your Elder Brother, you will love Him, and if you love Him you will try to keep His commandments. You will join a church, you will love your fellow-man, you will carry no malice or hatred in your heart. You will live cleanly, morally; you will not lie, cheat, steal, or do anything contrary to law and order. You will pay your bills and defraud no man; you will develop the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Your life will be an open book, fit to be examined by all men. If it is not, and you have been once truly converted to God, then you are a backslider, and there is only one thing for you to do—come back to your Lord and get your life straightened out. Then go forth with a new purpose to serve your God. Remember the priceless heritage that is yours, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, *and shall not come into condemnation;* but *is passed from death unto life.*" Not "will be" passed, mark you; not "may be," not "perhaps," but "*is,*" passed from the bondage of sin to the liberty of Christ; passed from the penalty of death and the judgment of hell, unto life eternal. Just as a man who comes out of the death-house, with a pardon in his pocket, can stand in the sunshine and breathe deeply of freedom and

life, so we who have come from the death-house of sin assured of Christ's eternal pardon can stand in the sunlight of God's grace and breathe deeply of liberty and eternal life. "*Is passed from death unto life.*" May these words bring joy unspeakable to every Christian who reads them. Perhaps there will be some who will read them who have not "passed," but who are still in the bondage of sin. Friend, would you like to be free? Would you like to have life? You may have the glorious blessing for the asking. Be like Bunyan's Pilgrim—put your fingers in your ears, and run out of the City of Destruction crying, "Life! Life! Eternal life!" and don't stop until you come to the foot of the Cross in humble penitence, where your burden of sin will roll away. In the Name of Jesus, life eternal is offered you. The devil gives you nothing but death. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Take Christ alone, and *pass* from death unto life.

## III

## THE UNCHANGEABLE CHRIST

*"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."*—HEBREWS 13:8.

IT is a very easy matter to misquote Scripture. A great many people quote this text thus: "Jesus the same, yesterday, and today, and forever," but the text does not emphasise the unchangeable character of Jesus so much as it does the eternal character of Jesus *the Christ*. In the Gospels nearly everything is "Jesus"; outside of the Gospels nearly everything is "Christ"; Peter, when he preached on the day of Pentecost, combined the two, "God hath made that same Jesus whom ye crucified," he cried, "both Lord *and Christ*." So it is "Jesus *Christ* who is the same, yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

We live in a world of change: because of that fact this verse has a peculiar interest attached to it, for we here read of One who never changes. We know that Nature changes; we never see the same clouds twice; the sky is always different. If we would only but see it, we should know that we live in a beautiful world. The earth is covered with a carpet of verdant green embroidered with flowers; the sky is sunkissed and starlit; God has painted the plumage of the birds and tinted the golden

sunsets of the west; He has given the music to the ripplings of the babbling brook and the roar to the waves of the ocean; the little flowers of the field are His priests, lifting up their heads, with their sweet fragrance, like incense to the skies. Beautiful as the world is, however, it is ever changing; mountains grow smaller, valleys fill up, and waters of the rivers flow ever to the ocean.

Nations change! Call the roll of history for a moment: Egypt, supposed to have seen the morning generation of man, where are thou? Echo answers—where?

Assyria, once a world power, where are thou? And the echo comes back through the dim centuries,—where?

Greece, thou great home of intellect, where art thou? And the whisper of Time bears the echo back,—where?

Today, Spain is dying, China divided and torn, while the World War has changed many national boundary-lines. Look at a map of Europe twenty years old; you can see nations marked upon it that were world powers to whom one may cry today, "Where art thou?" And the echo will answer,—where?

Science changes! One day the savants teach one thing, the next, something else. A scientific textbook ten years old is scarcely worth reading today. Yet there are thousands of men who pin their faith to an ever-changing science and reject an unchanging God. A hundred years ago science bled a man for a certain disease; fifty years ago they boiled

him for the same disease; today they freeze him. Biologists say that our bodies change every seven years, and some of us, when we look in the mirror, wish that change were more apparent; but, somehow, the change does not seem to go that far.

Yet it is true that our bodies, friends, families, all change; nations rise and fall; Nature changes as years go by. How comforting it is, then, to read that in the midst of all these changes, Jesus Christ is the same, "yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

In what way is Christ the same? First: *He is unchangeable in His character.* That character is as clear as crystal and bright as the morning sun. You remember Pilate said, "I find no fault in Him." He did not say, "I find no fault *with* Him." I consider that is a lot to say about any man. Call to mind the name of any great man you know. In nine cases out of ten you will find that there is something wrong with the man's character, disposition or judgment. But no one ever convicted Jesus of fault or sin. He never had to repent of anything He did, nor apologise for anything He said. His character has stood the test of nineteen hundred years and, today, there is not one way in which we could change it for the better, and no man has been able to change it for the worse. Where are the men who have tried to tear it down?

Where is Voltaire, the scoffing French infidel? Voltaire said that the name of Christ would be extinct within a hundred years. But is it so? On

the other hand, what of Voltaire? Outside of the people who read his books the man is forgotten. But the Christ whom he rejected and despised is still, today, as He was in the eighteenth century, and His character is still as unassailable as when the old Frenchman tried vainly to laugh it to scorn.

Where is Tom Paine, who wrote *The Age of Reason?* His arguments against the Bible are so childish that very few people, today, pay the slightest attention to his ideas. It is said of Tom Paine that he died, in 1809, a drunkard, and his name is well-nigh forgotten; but the name of the Christ he reviled is still, today, as it was in Paine's time, and His character remains untainted, " without spot or blemish or any such thing."

Where is Charles Bradlaugh, the English philanthropic atheist? Bradlaugh undermined the faith of scores of young people by his philanthropy—one of the devices the devil, transformed into an angel of light, adopted to accomplish his purpose. The significance of Charles Bradlaugh is well summed up in the story of his funeral. One gray, misty morning in November, not so very many years ago, his body was followed to the grave by a few mourners and lowered into the earth without a prayer being said over it, without a funeral service being held. He was buried like a dog. The grave was filled in, a stone erected over it, and if ever you go to Northampton, in England, and walk into the cemetery you will find the tombstone of Charles Bradlaugh covered with a green mold. You may go about England for a year at a time

and never hear his name mentioned—anywhere! But the Name of the Christ he despised still lives. not only in temples of stone, but in the inner sanctuary of the heart; written, not for Time to efface or mold to obliterate, but to shine in His Father's realm of righteousness for ever and ever.

And so it has been with every man who has ever attacked the Son of God, only to find that He rises as high above them as the heavens are above the earth. He had all of other men's virtues and none of their vices. His is the one matchless character of all time; and well has He been called "The holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

Secondly: *He is unchangeable in His power.* We know that when Jesus was here He had power; it would be very foolish to deny it. You will recall His lying asleep in the bottom of the ship sailing the sea of Galilee, when the storm arose—the storm that swept from between the mountains and frightened those fishermen who had been sailing that little sea all their lives—and how they went to Him crying, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" He stood up in the little storm-tossed vessel and said, "Peace!" The winds and waves fell silent at His feet.

You will recall the time when the crowd followed Him out to the desert place and had nothing to eat for nearly three days, and when Jesus asked, "Is there any food here?" and His disciples answered, "A lad with a few loaves and fishes, but

what is that among so many?" In their hands it *was* nothing, but in *His* hands it proved everything, and after the throng was satisfied, they gathered up many baskets-ful of the "fragments that remained."

You will recall, too, the time when He went to the grave of Lazarus, who had been in the grave four days. Jesus ordered the stone taken away and cried, "Lazarus, come forth!" With the words was the power and Lazarus came forth, alive. Oh, yes! Diseased nature bowed to Him; unclean leprosy fled from Him, and when He spake even the dead came back to life.

"But," you say, "that is the power He had yesterday; the question is, has He the same power today?" And others ask, "Why does God allow suffering, sickness, disease and death, if He has all power?"

To me, this is the answer: When God made man He did not make him a mere machine. He gave him will-power, made him a free moral agent with a right to choose. Man had the will to obey God or disobey Him, to believe God or disbelieve Him. God's will was embodied in the edict, "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." The devil, who is the originator of evil, tempts this first man with a doubt of God's word, with a doubt of God's authority and power; man succumbs to the devil's tempting and doubts God, choosing for himself the penalty of disobedience,—death. So sin en-

tered the world and has come down through every succeeding generation, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Now, when a man chooses evil rather than good, he chooses all the things that are attendant upon evil—sorrow, sickness, pain and death. Man, therefore, cannot blame God for his suffering or his death, for by sin he brings it upon himself. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap." It is true that the innocent suffer for the guilty in that the sins of the fathers are visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." But that is a law of Nature and bearing out the truth of the words, "No man liveth unto himself." Every man owes it to his manhood to live as cleanly as he knows how for the sake of himself and his family and the generation coming after him. Many men who are not Christians live just as morally as the best of Christians, because it is good business and physical policy to do so.

But no man by his good living can take away or prevent the sting of death. No man can take away the sorrow of the world or even the sorrow of those immediately around him. Only God, in Christ, can do that, and He would, if the world would only turn to Him. If this world were Christian there would be no sorrow, no pain, no death. To all those who put their trust in Him, this unchanging Christ has promised eternal life. Many who read these words can testify to His power, for they know that when the storms of life beat around their souls and almost overwhelm them, He speaks

peace to fearful hearts. When the leprosy of sin was eating out their hearts, He said, "Be clean." And when they were dead in iniquity, He lifted them up out of the gutter to God, placing them before Him as though they had never sinned. This is the power He has today, in as great measure as He had yesterday. Friend, try His power for yourself.

Thirdly: *He is unchangeable in His purpose.* It is well, sometimes, for us to ask: Why did Christ come to this world to live and die? There is only one answer; Christ came to bring man back to God by the sacrifice of Himself. He lived, taught, suffered, bled, and died, to accomplish that purpose. After He rose from the dead He called His disciples together and sent them into the world to proclaim His Gospel and His Name, that men might find a way back to God through Him. They were to live for the same purpose that they had seen in Him. "As my Father sent Me into the world, even so send I you."

And His disciples *went* out and lived that purpose, telling men, at peril of their lives, that the only way to God was through the sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ. And those who came after them, during three hundred years, lived such exemplary lives, and gave themselves in such unstinted measure as to win the admiration of the Roman world. And then that world exalted the Church from the lowly estate of the followers of Jesus with one purpose in view, and put a crown upon its head and made it the temporal ruler of a sinful world. Then the Church lost sight of its

purpose, deserted its high ideals and turned aside to deal with things of clay. The purposes and ideals were forgotten during the thousand years of the Dark Ages, while the Church tried to clean up the natural world in order to make it a better place for natural, sinful man to live in, and wrote her failure in some of the bloodiest chapters of human history.

But a time came when Martin Luther heard the words, "The just shall live by faith." Getting up from his penance, he went forth to turn Germany upside down and inside out, and the purpose of Christ was reborn with him and his contemporaries. The Reformation came and went. Today, the Church is stronger than it has ever been, it is more respected, it has more money, more buildings and more political power than ever before, but, like the early Church, it is fast losing sight of the purpose of Christ as it tries to clean up a condemned world in a natural way, while the souls of men slip beneath its fingers into spiritual ruin. The business of the Church is to save men out of the world so that they may be ready to meet Almighty God.

Friend, does the purpose of Christ live in you? Is the main object of your life the salvation of others? To live the purpose of Christ requires the mind of Christ, which means denial of self and the acceptance of the guerdon of sacrifice. What have we ever sacrificed for Jesus? I used to imagine I had sacrificed a lot for Him; but I realize, now, that He has given me far more than

I deserve, and against anything that I thought I had given up for Him, He lays the priceless gift of eternal life. What can we offer of ourselves that constitutes a gift commensurate with the gift of eternal salvation? The average Christian does not know what sacrifice means. He gives a little money to the Church; he spends a little of his time at church services; if he is a worthwhile Christian he goes without some things of this world for Jesus' sake that otherwise he might have. And then he is apt to think he has sacrificed for Him!

Here is a true story of what the purpose of Christ really means: Charlie Coulson was a drummer-boy. He beat his drum at the battle of Gettysburg and there was wounded. Dr. Rossvally, a Jew, at that time a surgeon in the United States Army, was walking across the battlefield one day when he saw this boy lying upon his back, his blue eyes looking up toward the sky.

" That boy has a mother somewhere," the doctor said to himself.

He had the boy picked up and taken to the hospital tent; an examination revealed the fact that it was necessary to amputate his arm and leg. The doctor offered the boy brandy as an anæsthetic, and in a book that Rossvally afterwards wrote, he tells us that in this hour of crisis Charlie Coulson said: " Doctor, I will promise that I will not even groan while you amputate my arm and leg, if only you will not offer me any brandy. My father died a drunkard, sir, and I promised my mother that I would never touch, taste, or handle strong drink;

if the worst happens to me, I would like to die clean."

The doctor promised, but in order to perform the operation he had to go into another room to stimulate himself to do his duty. While the surgeon was cutting through the flesh Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when he took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that the Jewish doctor could hear him say was, " Blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise and never groaned.

Five days later he died. On that day he called the Jewish doctor to his side and, looking into his face, said, " Doctor, while you were operating upon me, five days ago, I looked up into your face and noticed that you were a Jew. My Saviour was a Jew, too, and He is your Messiah, and while you were performing the operation, I just lifted up my heart to God that He would reveal Himself to you."

Afterwards, the doctor said that never in his life had he known such heroism. A boy undergoing the agony of a terrible operation without the aid of an anæsthetic, and still able to think and pray for the soul of an unsaved Jew!

Ten years later, the doctor became a Christian. Some people talk of what they have to give up when they accept Christ. They do not know what giving up means, when compared with a Jew who leaves the religion of his fathers for that of the despised Nazarene. When this man became a Christian, his wife left him; his children disowned him; his own mother cursed him.

"Max," she wrote him in a letter, "you are no longer my son; we have buried you in effigy; we mourn you as one dead; and now may the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, strike you blind, deaf and dumb, and curse your soul forever. You have left your father's religion and the synagogue for that of Jesus, the impostor. Now, take your mother's curse."

In answer to that, Dr. Rossvally wrote some beautiful lines which run as follows:

*"Far away from home, my mother,*
*Daily I would pray for thee.*
*Why should I be cursed, my mother,*
*Why such message sent to me?*
*Once convinced of sin, my mother,*
*I cried, 'Jesus, set me free.'*
*I am happy now, my mother,*
*Christ, the Jew, has died for me.*

*"Him you taught me hate, my mother,*
*Him you still impostor call,*
*Died for me on Calvary, mother;*
*Died to save me from the fall.*
*Let me lead you to Him, mother,*
*While I pray on bended knee,*
*'Jesus, now, accept my mother;*
*Loving Jesus, set her free.'*

*"Be persuaded, dearest mother,*
*Do not now so hardened be;*
*Jesus Christ, the Jews' Messiah,*
*Surely died for you and me.*

*Can you spurn such mercy, mother?*
*Can you turn away your face?*
*Come to Jesus, come, dear mother,*
*Fly, oh fly, to His embrace."*

The mother never wrote to her son afterwards, but the last word she uttered on her dying bed was the word, "Max." The doctor's wife afterward became a Christian and his children also found light in Jesus. My father knew that family intimately, and I know the story to be true in every detail.

Whenever I tell it, whenever I think about it, I look inwardly and say, "What have I ever done for Jesus?" Think of that boy, undergoing a terrible operation, without the aid of an anæsthetic, for the sake of a principle, and yet forgetting himself sufficiently to pray for the soul of another! Should we not have thought ourselves sufficiently heroic had we just contented ourselves with praying for ourselves, and had the courage to stand by a principle? Friend, if you would know the purpose of Christ, think of Charlie Coulson and his prayer for the Jew, and then you will understand better than you ever did before, the words of our Lord Jesus on the cross—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

God help us all to reach for the attainment of such an ideal, both in word and in deed, determining to live henceforth, as He would have us live, for the salvation of others. Then people will assuredly see in us a reflection of Him who is the Light of the world. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

## IV

## THE SCIENCE OF THE UNSEEN

*"For the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal."*

—II Corinthians 4:18.

NOTHING that you can see is eternal. Some day the sun will become cold, unless it come in contact with some other sun, which event would disrupt our entire solar system. It is running down, and loses more heat every second than it gains from the stars in a million years. And when it has run down, it will go through space with its attendant planets at a temperature so low as to permit of no life being able to exist on the earth. We know that the body returns to the dust from whence it came; cities wither and decay; nations come and go; stars burn out and disintegrate; even the earth itself is not eternal.

Where is the glory that once was Rome? Where are the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the civilization of Egypt, the silver-crested Persians, the Iron Legions, the soldiers of Alexander? What remains? A broken-faced Sphinx, a towering column standing alone; an obelisk, a hieroglyph, and a fragmentary history.

Where once the mighty Cæsars ruled there is now dirt, and vermin, and poverty. Where once

the eighty thousand bloodthirsty devotees of the arena leaned forward with racing pulse and feverish eye to watch gladiators clash sword on spear and shield, or slaves defend themselves against untamed jungle beasts, or Christians make sport for famished animals, there now stands a decaying monument; stones tumbling down, grass growing between the seats of the nobles; worms working their havoc of tunnelling its foundations; everything ephemeral, dying, passing, ending! "But we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

God pity that man who looks only at "seen" things; he is an ultra-materialist. Huxley once wrote, "The immaterial world is far more a reality than the material world." Chas. A. Dinsmore, a Professor in Yale Divinity School, says in *Christianity and Modern Thought,* "If there were no water in the world no creature would thirst, if there were no air there would be no wings. An appetite indicates something to satisfy it. Men would not hunger and thirst after God were there no home for the spirit. . . . Faith grows into certainty, and that certainty rests upon such evidence that it becomes knowledge as real as science possesses and of a far higher rank." Every day I live, I am more certain of unseen things and less certain of seen things. With that in mind I offer you a few facts of faith that make the verities of the unseen a matter of science.

First:—*God is Eternal.* The materialistic scientist may call Him force or energy, but the Christian calls Him God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. "God is a spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "No man hath seen God at any time, the Only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

These Scriptures reveal many things; among them the fact of the Unseen, Whom we must worship in spirit and in truth. They also reveal the eternal character of God, who has no beginning nor ending, neither age nor youth. "From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." And, best of all, since Christ is part of God as the Only begotten Son of the Father, the Scriptures reveal Him as partaking of the eternity of the Father. He, too, is uncaused and uncreated, having been with God from the beginning as the eternally begotten of the Father, and although He took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men, He, as the Living Word, had great glory with the Father before the world was. All of which leads us to the statement of Jesus, "No man knoweth the Son except the Father, and no man knoweth the Father except the Son and to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him."

If you would know this eternal God you must know Him through His Son as Saviour, Redeemer and Lord. The Holy Spirit, who is the third per-

son of the Blessed Trinity, is in the world to bring you to Jesus. If you will let Him, He will open your blind eyes, and unstop your deaf ears, that you may come to know as your Elder Brother, Jesus of Nazareth, who said, " Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These three in one, and one in three, form the Eternal God, all invisible now to our natural eyes; but, " we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Friend, I plead with you to seek this eternal Being who has absolute dominion over all things living and dead, animate and inanimate; who is Ruler of five hundred million worlds; who binds the sweet influence of the Pleiades and Orion; who guides Arcturus with his suns, and who with star-dust paints the bejewelled diadem encircling Saturn: who, in the rainbow, with one broad sweep of sunshine and dew, spreads before our fascinated gaze an arc of many colours spanning the firmament from horizon to horizon; who, with mathematical exactness and scientific precision, swings our solar system upon its appointed way; who feathers the smallest humming bird, and finds time to fashion the glory of the peacock; yet whose all-seeing eye misses not the lowly sparrow falling to the ground; who sprinkles with heavenly fragrance the beauteous rose, and who takes the daisy, the buttercup, the golden-rod, the morning glory, the trailing arbutus, the bluebonnet, and makes them

grow in such glorious profusion that a beggar in the wildwood may be a king.

Seek Him who has such infinite minuteness that we are only just beginning to understand, with the aid of the microscope, His limitless variety—His crystals of matchless beauty, so complicated as to be a world within themselves; so small that it would be impossible for the naked eye to see five hundred of them. We are just beginning to realize with our bare elementary knowledge of molecules, atoms, and electrons, so prolific and minute in number and size, that to number the hairs of our head is as nothing with this Infinite Being we call our God.

Seek Him, this eternal God who evinced such an interest in insignificant man, as to bestow upon him an eternal love, and, to redeem him from destruction, sent His only begotten Son as the Redeemer of his life, the Destroyer of his sin, the Saviour of his soul, and the Hope of his immortality; so that as a child of God, bought by the blood of Jesus, he might partake of His eternal being and spend eternity with Him. God help us to look, not at "the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Secondly: *The soul is eternal.* There is within us all a vital, indestructible Something that will live after the stars have died. When the earth has become but cosmic dust we shall endure as personalities—somewhere.

There is nothing in materialistic science, nor materialistic philosophy that explains the soul of man. It cannot be felt, seen, or heard. It has been ridiculed, condemned, slandered, and rejected, by some of our learned, but mostly unlearned, men; yet the vast majority of the people in the world cling tenaciously to a belief in its reality, and there is evidence to support such belief.

There is the evidence of mental telepathy that cannot be gainsaid nor accounted for by any natural law, we as yet understand. Then there is the evidence of dreams, and the evidence of the dying who see remarkable things beyond the ken of the ordinary mind. And, there is the proof of the Bible, " God breathed into his [man's] nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." " What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? "

There is no necessity to offer further argument in support of a belief in the soul. Individual experience which is ours every day of our lives, if we are only honest enough with ourselves to admit it, convinces us that our bodies merely house our real *selves*. The soul is the spark that gives life to the motor. Perfect that motor may be, but without the life-giving spark it is nothing but clay machinery without a mechanician; a motor without a motorman; an engine without an engineer. If this be true, and the burden of proof is upon the person who doubts it, then the soul is the most important thing about us: far more valuable than money, property, friends, fame, power, or any earthly

possession. These things are seen, but the soul is unseen; these things are temporal, but the soul is eternal. Therefore the destiny of the soul is the most important problem that faces every human being.

"I care nothing about my soul," you may say. "I will let it take care of itself. I will look after the things of today and forget the things of tomorrow." But if you believe that your soul will live throughout the ages of eternity in an atmosphere either of joy or sorrow, life or death, heaven or hell, dependent upon what you do with it here, you *must* think about it; if you do not, then you must be classed with those who, having eyes, see not, having ears, hear not, and having understanding, understand not.

What does it profit you if you make a million dollars, receive the applause of the world, expend yourself in charitable deeds, live in respectability, accumulate many friends who weep at your funeral and erect monuments to your memory, if you lose your soul? You may say, "If I live such a life as you describe, my soul will take care of itself." But it will not. The destiny of your soul depends upon your finding God in His appointed way. You may say, "If my soul is lost after living the best life I know how, I will blame God through all eternity." But that will not save your soul, and eternity is a long time. And, "O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay . . .?"

The destiny of your soul depends upon what you do with Jesus. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on Him." Find Him first and build your life upon Him, "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Old-fashioned theology perhaps, this, but as true today as it was when your father and mother believed it, and as true as God's Word. I pray you, see to the destiny of your soul while yet you have time.

Thirdly: *Heaven and hell are eternal.* Think for a moment of the latter, "where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched," where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night," where "there is no peace, sayeth my God, unto the wicked," where those banished from God's presence are in "everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Not a pleasant picture, truly, but as surely as your soul lives, if you reject Christ and die in your sin, one day your eternal soul will stand at the judgment bar of an eternal God, and you will hear Him say "I never knew you." Then your soul will spend an eternal existence away from the presence of God. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Because there is wrath, beware, lest He strike thee with His stroke, and a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

I care not what hell is, nor where it is. I care not whether it be a place of fire and brimstone, or

a state of eternal excarnation. I pray God that not one soul who reads this page may ever have to find out by going there. God has done everything in His power to keep you out of it, even to the death of His own Son. If you go there, you will trample underfoot His love, His mercy, His grace, and His pardon, and go because you choose to go.

Friend, come with us to the "place not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." One night, under the Oriental sky and looking towards the heavens, Jesus said to His disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions, . . . I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am there ye may be also." And there *is* a place for you, whoever you may be, though your past be as black as midnight. If you will link hands with Jesus, He will lead you to that City of unending light, where all who have been redeemed by His blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, shall dwell for ever, in mansions of God's architecture, overlooking streets of gold, gates of pearl, walls of jasper, and foundations of precious stones.

Think of it! A city without strife, without politics; without jail or jailer, grave or gravedigger; a place where every man, woman, and child, will do the will of God and obey His voice. Some one may say, "That is not an unseen city." No! When Christ comes to claim His own; when sin has been vanquished, and the devil conquered, then the limitations of our mortal bodies will be removed; for in that resurrection time we shall have an immortal

body, like unto the body of the Son of God when He rose from the dead. Then we shall be able to see heaven and observe the angelic host as Elisha and Jacob did. Our ears will be opened to hear the music of the spheres, and we shall listen to God's glorious orchestra. The law of gravitation will no longer hold us and we shall be able to go about God's universe as we choose. Then we shall be able to follow everything to its logical conclusion—an impossibility now. Then, the seen will be as the unseen. "Now, we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face." Thank God we can look, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

One day an old sinner lay dying, and my Dad went to visit him. The old man had been wayward, wild, and wicked. He was far away from God, deep down in sin, with little hope of salvation. Dad led him to Christ, and his faith became as that of a little child. He lived for several months and was a source of delight to all those who knew him. The power of Christ was demonstrated in his face; it was illumined with a light never yet seen on sea or land. Dad went several times to see him, and the old man would often ask him to sing; so, one day, Dad took his auto-harp and, putting it down on the table, played and sang an old Gospel-song which he had sung hundreds of times to the aid and blessing of many precious souls. It runs as follows:

*" I am now a child of God,*
*For I'm washed in Jesus' blood,*
*And I'm watching and I'm longing while I wait;*
*Soon on wings of love to fly,*
*To my home beyond the sky,*
*I'll be singing as I'm sweeping through the gates.*

*" In the blood of yonder Lamb,*
*Cleansed from every stain I am.*
*Robed in whiteness; clad in brightness!*
*I am sweeping through the gates."*

As Dad finished singing, the old man burst out laughing, and when Dad asked him the cause, he said, " I was just thinking; fancy an old sinner like me being ' robed in whiteness and clad in brightness! ' "

Friend, we all might well wonder why God should clothe any of us in whiteness and brightness. Yet such is God's love to us all that He opens wide His arms, saying, " Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." There is a place in that eternal city for you, if you will accept it.

I plead with you to take hold of eternal things. " Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." The things of today will soon be gone, but the things of God's tomorrow will always endure. The material things you grasp at, today, will turn to dust before your eyes, but the immaterial things, if you will seek them, will one day materialize, to abide forever.

Would you be rich? The cattle on a thousand

hills are His, yea, those stars you see are the outposts of His far-flung empire. They are all His, and as the child of His love you may be co-heir to them with His Christ. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Would you have health? Christ is the great Physician, and in that land of eternal day there is no sickness; there, you may enjoy eternal health. Would you have peace? "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Would you have life? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Leave the "seen" things, friend, and reach out for the "unseen"; "for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

# V

## THE COST OF SALVATION

*"For which of you . . . sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost?"*—LUKE 14:28.

THERE never was a gift given that did not cost somebody something. For instance, some of you are fortunate enough to be able to wear a diamond on your finger. How much did it cost? You may be able to answer, in terms of dollars and cents; but does that represent all the cost of it? Think! In the first place, a man had to be willing to risk his life to go into a mine to procure it. Another man, by dint of close application and industry, learned the art of cutting the stone from its rough state, in such a way as to preserve its maximum size and brilliancy; he earns his living by so doing. Another man set the stone in the most attractive fashion possible, in order that it might bring its best price. Still another man put it in a store-window to attract attention as people walked by along the street. Then there was the salesman who sold the ring across the counter. He had to know how to sell, and salesmanship is an acquired art. Then the person who purchased the stone had to earn the money with which to acquire it, so that by the time you received it as a gift, it possessed tremendous value,

not simply in money, but in time, talent, energy, vitality, and, perhaps, blood. Yet, so thoughtless are most of us, that we think nothing of a gift except in terms of dollars and cents, coupled with the fact of its being a gift—to *us*.

This is the great blunder the world makes in its attitude towards salvation. The world says, " Salvation is free, therefore it is too cheap. It can't be any good, otherwise it could not be had for nothing." It is my purpose, with God's help, to show you something of the cost of salvation, to enable you to realize that so far is it from being cheap as to be the most costly gift the world has ever known.

First: *Salvation cost God all He had, to give it.* It is impossible for the human mind to comprehend the depths of God's sacrifice when He gave His only begotten Son to die for the sin of the whole world, but we may at least be permitted a human comparison. Suppose you have an only son in whom are embodied all the human virtues—courage, faith, loyalty, purity, nobility, manliness, righteousness, humility. Suppose, too, that there is a man in whom are all the human vices—one who is vile, selfish, unmanly, contemptible, an outlaw, a criminal, a murderer! Finally, this man is brought to justice, and after due deliberation by twelve honest men he is condemned to die. It is a just penalty; he deserves to die. Now, suppose your son, who is the antithesis of everything this criminal is, should step forward and say, " Father, I am going to take this unworthy man's place. I will die

in his stead in order that he may have another chance for liberty and reform."

Would you be willing to sacrifice your son for such an utterly unworthy man? Would you be willing to let your son die for a man who, judged by human standards, is not fit to live? I think not. Yet that is what God the Father did when He gave Jesus to be our Saviour and our Sacrifice.

Here was a world lost in sin, a world that had repeatedly trodden underfoot God's love and God's mercy; a world that had been a rebel world from the time man's foot was first set upon it; a world that had many times thrown God's love back into His face. God, who is just, had brought that world before His unerring tribunal, and His judgment had been that the world deserved to die; it had not one thing to recommend it, for every imagining of man's heart was evil continually. The decision was made and judgment passed: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Because every man was a sinner and because the penalty of sin is death, every human being came under the penalty. There you have the spectacle of a world dying on account of sin.

At this moment, Jesus—in whom are embodied the virtues of eternity—steps forward and says, "Father, I will go down and take the world's place; I will die in man's stead, so that in My death, he may be freed from the penalty of sin." God is here called upon to sacrifice the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, in order to redeem a world that does

not deserve redemption; a world that has not one thing to recommend it before His throne. What would you have done? We know what God in His great mercy did. The Bible tells us that. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet, peradventure for a good man, some might even dare to die; but God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Salvation cheap? It cost God heaven's best gift, and separation from His only Son on account of man's sin; yea, it cost Him all He had.

Secondly: *Salvation cost Christ all He had, to bring it.* For Him it meant leaving light for darkness, perfection for imperfection, purity for impurity, love for hate, justice for injustice, truth for lies, and sinlessness for sin. Compare, if you will, the purple robes of the King of heaven with the garments of the Galilæan; compare the crown of jewels with the crown of thorns; compare His Father's palace with the stable in Bethlehem; compare the sceptre of righteousness with the reed of scorn; compare His limitless wealth as the Son of God with His poverty as a carpenter in Nazareth; compare the homage of angels as they kneel at His feet and acknowledge Him Lord, with the mocking, spitting, scourging, blaspheming crowd of sinful men in Pilate's hall. Do this, I say, and if you have any powers of comparison at all, you will

begin to see what it meant for Jesus to die for sinners.

And He knew all that it meant and involved before He came. Think of it! Knowing all that He was coming to, all that He was leaving behind, yet coming willingly for man's sin—the Great Physician, the Friend of sinners, the sympathising Jesus! Never man spake as this man. Never man did the things He did. For the blind saw—the deaf heard—the dumb spake—the lame walked—the insane were restored—the dead lived again. But all the beneficent deeds of Jesus, all the matchless words that fell from His lips, were not sufficient to bring about salvation. Salvation demanded blood (as it does in the realm of Nature every time)! "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Therefore, it meant for Jesus the going of the whole bitter way—the Garden of Gethsemane, the Palace of the High Priest, the Judgment Hall of Pilate, the carrying of the Cross up the hill called Calvary, the anguish, the pain, the suffering, the pangs of death! Right well did a scoffer state the truth as he looked into that bleeding face—"He saved others, Himself He cannot save." He *could* not save Himself and us, so He sacrificed Himself that, in His death, we might find eternal life.

God have mercy on the man or the woman who can look upon the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and then declare that salvation is cheap! What a cost! The death of God's Son!

Thirdly: *Salvation costs the Christian all he has,*

*to live it*. Salvation is free! That is true. "Whosoever will may come." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "We are saved by grace through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast." "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy He saved us." These things are all true. Salvation is the greatest gift of God to man, and we can do nothing to earn it. We must put out our hand of faith and *take* the salvation that Jesus bought at so great a price, as an unmerited favour of God. But, there is a verse in the Bible that says, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Now, it is impossible for anyone to work out a salvation which he does not possess. We hear people talk about working out their salvation, who have no salvation, who are sinners dead in trespasses and sins. One might as well ask a blind man to lecture on the glories of the sunlight, or ask a dead man to rule a nation, as to ask a dead sinner to work out a salvation that has not yet been imparted to him. Only those who by faith have claimed the Lord Jesus Christ as an atonement for sin, as the Debt-payer, the Scapegoat, the Redeemer, the Saviour of their souls, can work out their salvation. If you are a Christian claiming this salvation, to you I say, "Salvation will cost you all you have, to live it." To be a real Christian means to be willing to say, without the

slightest reservation or excusing clause of any kind:

*"Take my life and let it be*
*Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."*

Christian, how much is salvation costing you? Immediately someone begins to think in terms of dollars and cents. To be sure, salvation ought to cost you something, in money, for if a Christian give not of his substance to the Lord's work he is a mighty poor specimen. God expects us to sacrifice, sometimes financially, for Him. A good many preachers have to do so. Sometimes, it costs us things that money cannot buy. In evangelistic work, for example, one is separated from his loved ones month after month. Not since I was four years of age have I been home three months in any one year. Nothing but the service of Jesus would be worth it, and there is not enough money in the mint to pay for such a sacrifice. But I am talking to you not merely of the cost in money, but in time, talent, energy, vitality; are you giving them to Jesus? He deserves the best you have. Surely you can give Him no less!

My message will perhaps reach one who still thinks salvation is too easy or too cheap. To such an one I would put these questions: What would it cost you, today, if you became a Christian? What would it mean in your home, tomorrow, if you took a stand for Jesus? What would it mean in your business? In your social life? Ah! The fact is

that salvation is too costly; men are afraid to pay the price. Too many would rather live in their sin than serve Christ. They come to preachers and ask: "Must I give up this and that, if I become a Christian?" Generally it is something so insignificant and puny that one wonders why anybody with any intelligence wants to hang on to it; yet some little thing like that keeps thousands away from the service of Jesus. All that God wants you to give up, my friend, is your sin. All that God asks of the Christian is that Christ come first in his life. Is it too much to ask, when He gave His blood to flow in a crimson stream to blot out as a thick cloud our transgressions, and clothe us with the righteousness that is in Christ Jesus? It is worth *any* cost to be a Christian. May God help us to lay ourselves at His feet willing to be made into vessels meet for the Master's use.

Fourthly: *Salvation costs the sinner his soul, to reject it.* "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" There is *no* escape. If salvation cost God all He had to give it, if it cost Christ all He had to bring it, what ought to happen to that person who tramples it under his feet, throws it back into the face of God and says, "I will not have it"? He deserves to die, and he *does* die, without God, without Christ, and without hope in the world. It is not God's fault that he loses his soul. God has done everything within His power, even to the giving of His only Son, to save his soul; if he refuses that salvation and goes into eternity lost, he has nobody to blame but himself. "What

shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? "

Oh friend, this salvation is yours for the asking. Purchased at so great a price, you may possess it as a free gift if you will. But, remember, your time for acceptance is limited. If you reject it, your rejection will cost you your soul. Will you, by the eye of faith, look to the Cross of Calvary and there see the Son of God dying in your place, paying your debt of sin, and here and now claim Him as your Saviour? If you will, you will see those eyes of love turn towards you, and hear Him say, " Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." " My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled. . . . Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

*" I saw one hanging on a tree*
*In vision of my soul,*
*Who turned His loving eyes on me,*
*As near His cross I stole.*
*" Oh, sinner, thou must meet that gaze,*
*In judgment or in grace.*
*Repent, believe, and change thy ways,*
*Ere thou behold His face.*

*" He's looking on you, looking on you.*
*Oh, never were love and compassion so true.*
*He's looking on you, looking on you.*
*How can you dare to refuse Him?*
*He's looking, looking, on you!"*

## VI

## THREE KINDS OF KNOWLEDGE

*"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection."*—PHILIPPIANS 3 : 10.

WHEN I was sixteen, I thought I knew everything. I can remember how sorry I used to feel for my poor old Dad. If he had only been as smart as I, then, I thought, he would have been a brainy man. But after I passed sixteen, I found that there were many things I did *not* know; my father, I discovered, knew far more than I had given him credit for, and by the time I reached twenty I had become convinced that I knew very little. Today, I frankly admit, I know next to nothing. It seems to me that the more I read, the less I know. The more things I find out, the greater grows my limitations. Whenever I set out to study some subject I immediately meet some one who knows infinitely more about it than I do; so my ignorance is ever before me.

I used to think I knew something about Jesus. From the time I could first read, I have dipped into hundreds of books which deal with Him; and with me, His book, the Bible, has been always paramount. But one day the expression of the Apostle Paul, which forms my text, riveted itself on my mind, "That I may know Him and the power of

His resurrection." No man ever studied and examined Jesus more conscientiously than this man Paul; and if he could still be found seeking knowledge concerning the Master, how much do I know about Him? How much does the average Christian know about Him? In our ignorance, let us, like Paul, search for greater knowledge, that we, too, may understand "the power of His resurrection." There is, I think, three kinds of knowledge concerning Jesus.

First: *Intellectual knowledge.* Some men try to understand Jesus with the head only, leaving out the heart. That is to say, they know something of His historical person—that He lived and died; they have read of His achievements, His death and reputed resurrection; they have analysed the Sermon on the Mount and have endeavoured to make it conform to their natural striving after perfection; they read into it whatever conforms to their philosophy of life; they idealise Jesus, until He is lost to them in a maze of metaphysical speculation. They end up by admitting that He was a great teacher, philosopher, moralist, and ethical leader; a man, lied about by His enemies, exalted beyond His asking by His friends, and Himself hidebound by the traditions of His race; a wonderful man, the *supreme* man, but only a man, after all.

I think, however, that a Christian can have an intellectual knowledge of Jesus. We know that His life was supreme in the history of men; we know that His deeds have never been equalled; we

know that His words are so profound that only eternity will reveal the meaning of the things He said; our intellect tells us that this man Jesus was so far superior to other men that He must have been more than a man, and we exercise a faith based upon reason, that He was God.

Paul had such intellectual knowledge concerning Jesus. His was one of the keenest minds Christianity has ever known. He had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, one of the greatest teachers of the law the Jews ever had. His legal argument in defense of Jesus and Christianity, contained in his Epistle to the Romans, is without parallel. Yet Paul was always seeking, always searching, always finding something new about Jesus. His one desire was that he might "know Him and the power of His resurrection." May God stir our sluggish intellects not only to know *about* Him, but to "know Him, and the power of His resurrection."

Secondly: *Emotional knowledge.* On the road to Damascus, Paul was stricken from his horse and a voice out of a blinding light said, "Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Now, this man of Tarsus was not easily swayed by superstition. He thought that he was serving God by persecuting the followers of the Nazarene. But so convinced was he of the reality of the voice which spake to him out of the blinding light, and so sure was he that God had arrested him on his way to Damascus, that the incident revolutionised his whole life. He told the story over and over again; yet it never lost its charm or thrilling climax. From that day forth

his whole emotional system was wrapped up in Jesus. Many people since his day have had remarkable conversions—emotional conversions—which vouchsafed to them a knowledge of Jesus such as the rest of us have never had, unless we have obtained it through service to Him. And their testimony is just as emphatic as was that of the Apostle Paul.

I know a man named Harry Haines who, thirty or more years ago, was "wanted" in fourteen different states and forty different cities for various crimes he had committed. One night, when in the very dregs of sin, he found Jesus as his Saviour, through the ministry of Miss Sara Wray, who has done a wonderful work for God in New York. Christ revolutionised his life. What society could not do, what the penitentiary could not accomplish, Christ did, and today he is a worth-while citizen of this land and a great servant of the Son of God. Do you think this man ever doubted the reality of his conversion or that Jesus met and stopped him in his wild career? "He is of age, ask him."

Some people do not believe in these sudden conversions, these emotional upheavals that change a man's whole life in the twinkling of an eye. Everybody does not experience such a conversion. Lydia was saved quietly, but it took an earthquake to save the Philippian jailer. "That is the trouble with religion," some man exclaims, "it is all emotion." It is true there is a good deal of emotion in religion, and I am glad there is; but there is also sound, common sense in it. It is reasonable to

"prepare to meet thy God." It pays good dividends to live a clean, moral, upright, worthwhile life of service for others. The trouble with a lot of our modern religion is, there is not enough emotion in it. I am not advocating that people should try to climb walls, roll on the floor, or shout in some unknown tongue in order to be religious. To me, that is not so much emotion as it is plain foolishness. But we are getting so materialistic, that to make people weep would appear to be a sin, when, God knows, a good many need to weep for their sins.

The man who says he does not care for religion because there is too much emotion in it, is, quite often, a man who lives by his feelings every day of the week, in his home, business, city and nation. This world is not run by reason, but by emotion. What makes a man take off his hat to the flag? One of two things: either patriotism or fear that somebody will blacken his eye, if he does not—two distinct emotions. What makes all good men revere their mothers? What makes a man fall in love? Don't tell me that it is simply reason. What is a business partnership built on? Mutual faith and trust. Think of a hardheaded business man allowing another man to sign away all he has in the world because he happens to be his partner in business, and not even related to him by blood? Do you call that reason? What is it that makes a man go and kill another? What is Hate? Envy? Revenge? Jealousy? All emotion. Yet the man who regards all these emotions as actual factors in

the world will argue about and balk at emotion in religion!

Thank God, there is emotion in the fact that God sent His only begotten Son into the world as a substitute for the sinner, to save him from eternal destruction! Thank God, there is emotion in the story of Jesus, who came, with a heart full of love, to be mocked at and spat upon, to be reviled and blasphemed, to be crowned with thorns and nailed to a Roman cross, to suffer and die that men through Him might have a way to God and heaven! Oh, for an emotional knowledge of Jesus that will grow in intensity as we come to know Him more and more! A knowledge that will enable us to link hands with Him and walk in heavenly places with Him, away above the world, the flesh and the devil, in "the power of His resurrection"!

Thirdly: *Controlling knowledge.* When I was in Miami, Florida, a few years ago, a man came to me one night and said, "Charlie, how would you like to ride with me on my engine, to Key West and back?"

"Fine," I replied, "when shall I present myself?" He named a certain day, or rather the dead of night, and I joined him on the engine of the Limited that runs between Miami and Key West. We arrived in Key West about noon and stayed there until seven in the evening. We then started back over that wonderful Flagler railroad that runs from island to island until it hits the mainland about fifty miles south of Miami. If I

remember correctly, one of the bridges connecting the islands is seven miles long. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and as we thundered over the rails the moon cast eerie shadows into the woods; as we went over the bridges, she made a fairy garden of the trees, a wondrous lattice work upon the waters, a shining silver of the sea.

About midnight my engineer friend said, " Charlie, we are a little late; so hang on, while I make up some time."

I have always enjoyed going fast in any kind of a vehicle, especially in trains; but when you are riding in the cab of an engine pulling eleven steel Pullman cars running fifty miles an hour, you get the idea that you are going fast enough. It is not such smooth riding on the engine as it is in the car, so when the engineer said we had to go faster, I shouted in his ear, " We should worry if we are a little late. I think this is as fast as she will go."

That last remark was a bad guess, for he thundered back, " She will make seventy-five miles an hour easily. Hang on."

I did my best to comply with his orders, and as he pulled out the throttle, the engine seemed to take on new life and lunge forward. He explained as best he could above the noise, that pulling out the throttle pushed steam into the cylinders, and the more steam, the more speed.

The great headlights of the locomotive flashed forward through the darkness, showing the rails for a half-mile ahead. Suddenly I saw a curve coming toward us. I give you my word we were

going so fast the curve appeared to be actually coming to meet us.

"Look out, here's a curve!" I yelled.

But the engineer only smiled, and I made a silent resolution that if I got out of that experience alive I would never tempt fate again. We hit the curve and I hung on as the sparks flew for twenty feet into the woods. The huge train clung tenaciously to the tracks,—to my great relief—and I was breathing again more or less calmly when my friend shouted: "I didn't think she would jump the tracks; she has only done it two or three times with me; she is a pretty steady boat!"

After I recovered from that scare, I saw a light way down the track. "Look out!" I cried. "Somebody is on the track."

"No!" he returned, "that is a station, and we stop there." I laughed loudly. "You can't stop within ten miles of it, going at this rate," I shouted.

"Pick out a tree," he answered, "on the other side of the station, and I will guarantee to stop within ten feet of it."

I picked out the tree and watched what he did. He put his hand upon a small lever, and working it back and forth, gradually arrested the speed of the train. He told me this was the air brake, and that it put a clog on every wheel on the train. Slower and still slower the speed of the iron monster reluctantly became, until it stopped within ten feet of the tree I had picked out.

"Marvellous!" I said, with appreciation.

" Oh! " replied the engineer modestly, " it is all in knowing how to control your engine."

That is what I mean by the controlling knowledge of Jesus. Every one of us is riding over the railroad of life, and the great question is, " Who is controlling our engine? Who is our engineer? " Some men point proudly to themselves and say, " I am." These are the biggest failures in life; they are often derailed, or side-tracked. They may accumulate a lot of material things, but they lose out in the biggest things, and they lose out, forever, with God. The only successful life is that which is controlled by the Son of God. When we do as He says, go where He sends, live His Word, only then can we look forward to eternal triumph. When He pulls out the throttle we must be ready to go full speed ahead, but when He puts on the brake we must stop and wait for orders.

" I live," said Paul, " yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me." " In perils on land, in perils on water, in perils among false brethren, in stripes and imprisonment, in weariness and painfulness, in cold and nakedness, in hunger and thirst —I have been through them all," says this great servant of Jesus, " but I count them as loss that I may win Christ; that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection." And when the old warrior with dimming eye came to the time of his departure, he wrote an epitaph for himself that is worth more than all the praise of men, and the

plaudits of the multitude, " I have fought a good fight," he cried, " I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." If ever a man was Christ-controlled, the Apostle Paul was.

May God grant to us to have this controlling knowledge of Jesus, for Christ-controlled men and women can shake any community for God. If we want the triumph of a successful Christian life we must let Christ dominate us, control us, lead us all the way.

*" There is a Guide that never falters,*
*And when He leads, I cannot stray;*
*For step by step He goes before me*
*And lights my path, He knows the way.*

*" He knows the way that leads to glory,*
*My every fear He will allay,*
*And bring me safe at last to heaven—*
*Let Jesus lead, He knows the way."*

## VII

## THE MAN OF THE HOUR

*"What think ye of Christ?"*—MATTHEW 22:42.

THE phrase forming this chapter-head is a very much overworked one. During the war we had dozens of men who were called "Men of the Hour." First, it was Marshal Joffre, the hero of the first battle of the Marne; he was proclaimed on the front pages of the world's newspapers as the "man of the hour." Then it was Sir John French with his "contemptible little British army," that held back the grey hordes from Paris. Next it was the Grand Duke Nicholas, sweeping down into East Prussia and turning attention of the world from the Western to the Eastern front. During the Russian revolution it was Kerensky—hailed as the saviour of his country. Upon America's entrance into the war it was Pershing, and then in the grand climax, Foch, as Generalissimo of the allied armies. At the Peace Conference, it was first Woodrow Wilson, and then some other of the Big Four—Lloyd George, Clemenceau or Orlando.

Alas, the hour of these men was truly short, for so far as being leaders in the political field of the world is concerned, they are all gone. In all this hero-worship the world never recognised the real

Man of the hour. If the world had proclaimed Him and His teachings in 1914, there would have been no World War. If at the Peace Conference He had been elected as the Prince of Peace, there would be real peace in the world today instead of a steady drifting towards a worse war than we had before. His hour has never failed in nineteen hundred years. Men need Him, today, as much as ever they needed Him, and never in the onward march of events will there be, in this world, a universal peace and brotherhood until He reigns supreme in the hearts of men. His name is Jesus Christ. It is my purpose to ask you one or two questions concerning Him, and I hope that you will honestly open your mind to answer them. " What think ye of Christ? "

First: *What think ye of Christ, the Man?* It is always a satisfaction to me to know that Jesus was truly a man, and a poor man at that, for He had to work at a carpenter's bench to earn a living until He was thirty years of age. Think of the Omnipotent Son of God humbling Himself to become a carpenter in Nazareth! I know He must have been a good carpenter, for one of the things He said was, " Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." He would never have uttered a sentiment like that unless he had learned how to make a yoke that did not chafe or goad the oxen on which it was placed.

Jesus must have been a great man physically, for the ordeal of His public life was arduous

enough to have killed an ordinary man. The pictures that represent the Son of Man as being an effeminate æsthete, with long, tapering finger nails, silken hair, dreamy eyes, and emaciated face are surely all wrong and contrary to fact! Witness the time when He entered the Temple and drove out the money-changers. You recall that He made a whip of cords and drove them out. "Charlie," a lady said to me one day, "you don't think Jesus struck those men with a whip, do you?"

"Well," I answered, "what do you think made them get out?"

"I think the majestic presence of Jesus did it," she answered.

"Well," said I, "I think that when Jesus made that whip of cords He intended to use it, and I believe the muscle He had acquired as a carpenter made the money-changers determine they would get out. For you must remember that it takes some persuasion to get a Jew out of any place where he is making money."

Not only was Jesus a real man's man, but He was a gentleman. No man can be truly a *great* man unless he is a *gentle* man, and Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." What masterly language He used! As a preacher He said more in one sentence than most of us do in a lifetime. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Behold Him standing in sympathy at the grave of Lazarus as one who could weep with those who weep, and mourn

with those who mourn; then observe Him as the great Life-Giver who needed neither doctor's nostrum nor surgeon's knife, but who with one word of His power could say to the dead, " Come forth."

See Him in His fortitude as He stands before Pilate with the robe of scorn upon Him! Never did Pilate state a more indubitable fact than when he brought Jesus forth to the mob and cried, " Behold the Man! " Go with Him up the hill called Calvary and observe His courage as He refuses the stupefying drink that the women of Jerusalem always gave to condemned criminals, a drink of vinegar mingled with myrrh, the crude anæsthetic of the time. See the sublime heroism of the Man as they drive the nails through His hands and feet as He lays prostrate on the Cross; see the soldiers lifting it from the ground, Jesus suspended upon it by three Roman nails; watch as they bring it down into the hole prepared for it, with a thud that must have wrenched every muscle in that crucified body, and then listen to the words that fall from His lips —not a condemnation, not a demand that twelve legions of angels wipe them from the earth, but— " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

As a physical man I admire Jesus, as a preacher He surpasses any man ever heard before or since, as a gentleman I pay Him homage, in His sympathy He compels my sympathy, as a physician He towers above all; His fortitude is sublime, His courage overwhelms me, His forgiveness of His enemies leaves me void of utterance, and I can

only repeat the words of the Roman centurion who, looking up into His dying face, said, "Truly this man was the Son of God." What think ye of Christ the Man?

Secondly: *What think ye of Christ, the Uncrowned King?* Pilate brought Him before the people, saying, "Behold your king." You recall what that bloodthirsty mob responded: "We have no king but Cæsar." Oh, how they hated Cæsar, yet they would prefer Cæsar to Christ, just like a lot of folks do today. When Jesus was crucified, however, Pilate wrote at the dictation of God, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," and although the chief priest remonstrated with him, the Roman ruler would not change it, for he knew he had written the truth. Christ *is* the uncrowned king of the Jews; they crucified their rightful ruler. Today He is a king without a country, a ruler without a throne. It will not always be so; one day He will be crowned, not only King of the Jews, but King of kings. When will that day be? When He comes with His saints to claim His Kingdom. Then "they shall look on Me whom they have pierced." Every eye shall see Him, and the world, in dread and fear, will kneel at His feet.

"What is that to me?" some may ask. "I am no Jew. I did not crucify Christ."

To such I would say, this rejected King is picking out from among the Gentiles a people for His Name. This people is to be a peculiar people, a separate, set-apart people, and called the Bride of Christ. It means this: if you crown Jesus Lord of

all today, exalt Him in your heart, then when He comes to reign, you will reign with Him at His coronation. He is offered to you, today, just as He was offered to the Jewish nation nineteen hundred years ago. Will you crown or crucify Him? Remember, if you reject Him you consent unto His death and are just as guilty as though you had actually nailed Him to the tree. God will demand an accounting. Oh, friend, claim His blood as your redemption; crown the resurrected Christ; and I plead with you, do not crucify the Son of God afresh.

An ancestor of the present Lord Salisbury once went into a little Welsh fishing village, and there passed for a poor and struggling artist. The people in the village never questioned his story. After he had won their confidence, he fell in love with a fisher-girl, and whispered his tale of love into her ear. She, believing him to be a poor artist, listened to his declaration of love and accepted him. The pair were married, and shortly afterwards the husband suggested that they go and visit some works of art at a country place in Northamptonshire. She, thinking that he had some friends who had invited him to come and visit their art gallery, consented to go. When they arrived at the little village and got out of the train, the ex-fisher-girl was amazed to see a beautiful carriage-and-pair awaiting them. The young husband seemed cool and collected, but the poor girl had never ridden in anything like that before; she did not know where she should put her hands and feet. Her husband

handed her into the carriage and sat beside her as it was driven up a country lane into the drive of a magnificent English estate. Through the avenue of trees went the equipage until it turned into a great quadrangle, facing an old English castle, the front of which was covered with ivy. The carriage stopped at the great steps leading up to the great door of the mansion. The young man calmly helped his fisher-girl wife out of the carriage, and as she stood looking around in awe and astonishment, the door of the castle opened, and a white-haired, liveried servant appeared, bearing in his hands a cushion, and on it some keys. With great dignity he walked slowly down the steps to where the poor, little Welsh girl stood. Kneeling at her feet he held up the cushion and said, "My lady, the keys of the castle." Then it dawned upon her that her husband was a lord, and that she was a lady.

One day the despised Nazarene came to my heart and whispered His tale of love into my ear. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," He said. I looked into His face, a face more marred than any man's, and His love captivated my heart, and I loved Him because He first loved me. Now I belong to Him, and I have learned that He is the heir of a mighty kingdom. He tells me that one day He will bring me into His Father's palace, and I shall sit with Him at His banqueting table; there I shall share in the splendour of His coronation, and His banner over me will be Love. Oh, that every soul would fall in love with Jesus! It may

mean sacrifice now, yet if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. What think ye of Christ the Uncrowned King?

Thirdly: *What think ye of Christ, the Son of God?* "Whom do men say that I am?" asked Jesus of His disciples, one day.

"Some say Thou art Elias," they replied, "some say Thou art John the Baptist come to life again; some say Thou art a prophet."

"Whom do ye say that I am?"

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." So answered Simon Peter.

"Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, Peter," said Jesus, "God hath revealed it unto thee."

Ah! That is the most important thing. "He that believeth on the Son hath life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." When men attack the deity of Christ they attack the foundation-stone of Christianity. Unless Jesus was the supernatural Son of God, then the Bible is a myth, Christianity is a farce, and its followers fools; yea, "we are of all men, most miserable."

What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He? Upon your answer to this question depends your hope for eternity. Jesus claims to be the only begotten Son of the Father. He claims to be the Son of God, and God the Son, supernaturally conceived. Listen to His words as recorded in John 1: 18: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the

Father, He hath declared Him." In John 1: 34, John the Baptist says, "I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God." In John 1: 49, Nathanael said, "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel." In John 3: 18, Jesus, Himself, said, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned. but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." In John 5: 17 and 18, Jesus again said to the Jews, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore," continues the narrative, "the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He not only broke the Sabbath, but said also that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God." That was where the trouble came in—that Jesus should claim to be equal with God. And Jesus claims that today. Listen to Him once more, in John 8: 42, "If God were your Father, ye would love Me: for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but He sent me." I give you these Scriptures—there are scores more like them—to illustrate Jesus' claim to deity. It is true, today, that if God is your Father you will love His Son and recognise the fact that He came forth from God. In other words, that man who denies Christ's deity, according to the words of Jesus Himself, puts himself in the class where God puts him—not as a child of God, but as a child of the devil. Oh, do you not see that Jesus was too great a man to be simply a man; too kingly to be anything but a king; too godly to be anything but God and the

Son of God? What think ye of Christ? "Choose ye, this day, whom ye will serve."

Do you remember the story of the high-school boy who graduated at sixteen, and went to his widowed mother with the announcement that now he was able to go to work and support her? "Son," said she, "I want you to go to college."

"But, mother," protested the boy, "I can't go to college. We haven't any money, and I am not going to let you slave any longer for yourself and me."

"There is to be a scholarship contest in three weeks' time," his mother answered. "I want you to win it. Go to college for at least two years, my boy; then, perhaps, you can begin to take care of your mother; you must have a good education."

So, with the impetus of his mother's sacrifice spurring him on, the boy won the scholarship and went to college. He worked hard and made an excellent showing. At the end of two years, he had won the gold medal for general accomplishment. Going home, he said to his mother, "Tomorrow is prize distribution day, and the president has asked us to invite all our friends and relatives to be present; so, mother, I want to take you."

"I can't go, son," said the mother as she kissed him. "I have only this old shawl and faded bonnet. You would be ashamed of your mother among all those finely-dressed people."

"Not I, mother," the boy protested, "I shall call for you tomorrow at nine o'clock."

The next morning he led his mother into the college chapel, down the main aisle to a front seat. The first name on the list of prizemen was his own, and amid the cheers of his comrades he walked on to the platform where the president pinned the gold medal upon his coat. He waited silently until the applause had died down, and then walked slowly off the platform to where his mother sat. Taking the medal from his own coat, he pinned it upon her shawl, and as he kissed her he said, "Mother, that medal is yours. If it had not been for your faith, self-sacrifice, and love, I could never have won it. So I give it to you." The cheers that rang through the building when the boy received his medal were as nothing in comparison to the applause that shook the place when he pinned his honor-badge to his mother's shawl.

I admire a young man like that—don't you? He was a young man who had the courage to give honour to whom honour was due. Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died upon Calvary's Cross for you. By His blood He purchased immunity for you from the curse of sin. Have you accepted it? Up to this present moment, have you pinned your honours to Him? Have you given Him your support? Have you told the world that you are serving Him? Are you living a life that glorifies His Name? Or are you taking all the blessings of this day of grace and pinning the honours selfishly upon yourself? You believe in Jesus, surely; but do you live for the devil with that profession in your heart? "He that confesseth Me

before men," said Jesus, " him will I confess before my Father in heaven; but he that denieth Me before men, him will I deny before my Father in heaven." He is worthy of your love, of your allegiance, of your trust, of your life; give Him the best you have. Pin your honours to Him. Oh, may the sweet story of Jesus and His love so fascinate you that this day you will answer this question by saying, " I believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and from this day forth, I will follow Him."

*" He came from the brightest of glory;*
*His blood as a ransom He gave*
*To purchase eternal redemption,*
*And oh! He is mighty to save.*

*" Oh, wonderful, wonderful story,*
*The dearest that ever was told;*
*I'll repeat it in Glory, the wonderful story,*
*Where I shall His beauty behold."*

## VIII

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*"Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every Name; that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."*—PHILIPPIANS 2:9, 10, 11.

IF I were to announce that Charles Forbes Taylor was to preach in New York City in the near future, several million people would say —if they paid any attention at all, which is not likely—" Who is he? " " What is his reputation, what has he accomplished in the world? " But, if I were to announce that Billy Sunday was to preach in the great city on the Hudson, nearly everybody who understands English would know to whom I had reference.

If I were to offer you my check for a thousand dollars, you might say, " Get it certified," and in so doing you would be showing mighty good judgment. But if I could bring you a check signed by John D. Rockefeller for a million, you might say, " Take it back, and tell him to make it two." Yet some people ask, " What's in a name? " Everything is in a name—reputation, character, riches,

personality, everything, is revealed in a man's name, when it is mentioned to his friends or enemies. By quoting names, both famous and infamous in history, I can conjure up in your mind every emotion of which human nature is capable—fear, hate, love, reverence, joy, peace, satisfaction, anger, disgust, and so on. If you have a good name, therefore, cherish it, for it is mighty easy to lose and hard to regain. Never let anybody besmirch it; fight for its high standing, and live to uphold it. And now I want you to concentrate, for a few moments, on the value of a name; for it is my purpose to bring to you a Name that to me spells sacrifice, power, and exaltation—the Name which is quoted in my text.

First: *It is a sacrificial Name.* "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." The very word "Jesus" means "Saviour." It means the One who gave His back to the smiters and His cheek to them that plucked off the hair. It means the One who was wounded for our transgressions; the One who humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. It means Jesus the Saviour, the Son of God, the sacrifice for sin. Why did Christ have to die for us? Why was it necessary for God to send His only begotten Son to make an atonement for the world's sin? Why could not some angel have been offered, or some good man? Angels could not atone for man's sin, because angels have sinned, and the sacrifice must be sinless. Man could not make atonement because he was, and is, under the

curse of sin. He is a condemned sinner, and certainly no condemned sinner could offer anything in sacrifice that God could accept. Anyway, only an equal can atone to God. That is why Christ must have been the Son of God and God the Son. Unless he were the eternally begotten of the Father then His sacrifice was of no avail; but, thank God, we know that He is the eternal Son, and in His sacrifice there is a blotting-out of the stigma of sin.

There was once a young artist who rose rapidly to fame, carrying with him, on his way to the heights, the envy of many artists older than himself, who had failed of achieving greatness. It appears that he used a certain deep rich red in all his pictures such as made them *live*. The employment of this brilliant colour was his greatest achievement, and his fellow-artists wondered what the formula for it was. At the height of the young man's fame, however, he suddenly died. As he lay dead upon his bed, his fellow-artists ransacked his rooms, opening every drawer, and examining every formula, in an endeavour to find the secret of the glorious red the dead artist had used in the pictures. Eventually one of them went over to the bed on which the man lay, and uncovered his breast. Underneath his heart they found a deep gash. The searchers then realized that they had found the secret of his art; and the story went round that he had mixed his pigments with his own life's blood!

Some people wonder why we make so much of Jesus; why we never get tired of talking about

Him; why we call Him the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, the Fairest among Ten Thousand, and the Altogether Lovely. Friend, if you would know the secret, go to Calvary and see underneath His heart a deep gash, out of which flowed the blood that paints the sin-canvas of our lives with a righteousness not our own, presenting us to God in the righteousness of Christ. We who have been to Calvary cannot help but love Him.

*"See from His head, His hands, His feet,*
*Sorrow and love flow mingled down.*
*Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,*
*Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"*

Oh, Christian, do you wonder, sometimes, why Jesus is not seen more in us; why the world does not see in us a reflection of the Light of the World? The reason is, that we do not sacrifice ourselves for Him; we are not willing to lay ourselves at His feet to be used for His purpose; we have too many things crowding into our lives and crowding out Jesus; we are not willing that our blood should flow that others may be brought to Him; we take all He gives us of salvation, peace, everlasting life, but we are not ready to "fill up His sufferings," not willing to take up the cross. God help us to see that our greatest obligation is to Him; that we no longer belong to ourselves, but to Christ! Then, perhaps, the world will see in us something of the beauty of Him "who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Secondly: *This name is an almighty Name.* It is almighty because, one day, " every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." We are not preaching a failing Gospel, or a defeated Christ. One day He will triumph, one day He will reign, " where'er the sun, doth his successive journeys run." The devil may be the prince of the power of the air; he may have the world in his grasp today; those who belong to the Lord may be in the minority, but one day this autocrat of sin and all his hosts will kneel at the feet of the despised and rejected Nazarene. All nationalities, all creeds, all branches of society; the rich, the poor, the learned, the illiterate; the king, the emperor, the kaiser, the czar, either in business, politics, or religion, will one day kneel at the feet of Jesus and hail Him as Sovereign Lord. Many will confess Him, not as a Friend, but as a Judge. They will see Him, not to hear Him say, " Come unto Me," but to hear Him say, " Depart from Me, I never knew you." They will seek to escape, but there will be no escape from the wrath of the Lamb.

But that is not the thought I wish to leave with you in connection with the almighty Jesus. I want you to know that He is almighty to save and to keep. If you will own Him as your Lord now, crown Him King of your heart today, then, when the tremendous hour of His triumph dawns, you also will triumph with Him, for He will be your Friend and Elder Brother. I care not what you may have been, or what you are, He is able to save

you from sin, and keep you close to Himself by the power of His everlasting arm. Perhaps my words are being read by a woman whose burden is heavy. To such an one I would say, that you are well aware that only God and you know the secret sins of your heart, and that if your sin were uncovered, today, you would have to hide your face. Sometimes you wonder if there is hope for you. Oh, woman! Jesus is able to blot out that sin and enable you to live a life of righteousness. Remember His compassion, and trust yourself to His care.

Perhaps some man will read these words who has lost his manhood; a man whose back is against the wall, who is grimly fighting his desires, and the adversities of the world—one who has lost his faith in human nature and perhaps in God. Oh, man! If you will let Jesus come into your life He will fight with you and enable you to win. He will enable you to use every trial as a stepping-stone to victory and success. If you need a Friend who never leaves you, a Friend who is just as true when you are up against the world as when the world is with, and for you—try Jesus. If you want victory over sin and self—try Jesus. He is able to save and able to keep. Or maybe there is a mother whose eyes fall upon this page—a woman burdened with the cares of life, almost overwhelmed with the petty drudgeries of the day, wondering, sometimes, if life be worthwhile or worth living at all! Oh, mother! You need Jesus. He will give you the peace that passeth understanding, if you will let Him. He will give you the rest your way and day

demand. He will calm your soul with an assurance of eternal salvation, and help you to mould into your children the reflected spirit of Himself.

A shipwrecked sailor-boy was once washed ashore clinging to a plank. He was taken to a hospital, and during his period of convalescence a chaplain came to see him, to speak to him about his soul. The boy listened intently, but appeared not to be able to grasp the way of salvation; so the chaplain tried to illustrate it.

"When your ship went to pieces, what did you do?" he asked.

"Why," said the boy, "I jumped into the sea and caught hold of a plank. I rested on it, and, as you know, it brought me safely to shore."

"That's it," returned the chaplain, "Jesus Christ is the plank, and He wants you to rest upon Him for your soul's eternal salvation. If you do, He will bear you safely on life's voyage and into His harbour at the last."

The chaplain left the lad. Twenty years afterward, he was in a foreign land, and desiring to speak to the men in a certain hospital, where he was stationed, entered it one day, and began to make a round of the beds. He came, presently, to one bed which had a screen drawn around it, denoting that its occupant was dying. He went behind the screen to whisper into the man's ear a message of Jesus that he might take with him into eternity. As he did so, the man's eyes opened, and, looking into the chaplain's face for a moment, he said with a smile, "The plank bears, sir. The plank bears."

"What do you mean?" asked the chaplain.

"Why, sir, don't you remember twenty years ago, speaking to a sailor-boy who had been washed ashore, clinging to a plank? You told him that Jesus was the plank, and that if he only rested upon Him for salvation He would bear him safely on life's voyage, and into His harbour at last? Well, sir, for twenty years I have rested upon that plank, and He has carried me safely along, and now He is going to take me into His harbour at last."

Thank God, many of us can say: "The plank bears!" Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years—and the plank still bears! Friend without Jesus! Will you rest upon the plank? Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. Don't trust to self any more; the waves are too great, the rocks of sin and despair too near; trust in Jesus, who is almighty to save and to keep. "He will hold you fast."

Thirdly: *The name of Jesus is an exalted Name.* "Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Think of the greatest earthly name you know, and you will find that the Name of Jesus outshines it, as the sun outshines the stars. If the throne of heaven were vacant, and it were given to me to place somebody upon that throne worthy of its dignity and glory, I might think of many great men who bear illustrious names.

Perhaps I might be tempted to look into the face of George Washington, the Father of his country. I might say to him, " Sir, you were a great champion and protector of liberty, a great statesman, a great man. I do you honour for your courage, stedfastness of purpose, nobility of character, and democratic vision; but, great as you are, sir, pass on—pass on—the throne of heaven is beyond your power! "

I might see Abraham Lincoln—a man above all others typifying the American privilege of going from the bottom to the top. A man undaunted by almost superhuman odds—holding against all comers his doctrine of human liberty and national unity; a man burdened with sorrow and misunderstanding, with greatness turning to ashes in his mouth; and sacrificed, at last, upon the altar of a fanatic's distorted brain. Class him with any man in any age, and he still remains a gigantic figure. Yet even to him I would say: " Pass on—pass on—the throne of heaven is for one higher than even you."

I might see the two who have meant so much to my life—my father and mother. I could say to my mother, " All that I am, I owe to you. The Christianity that I preach, today, I first learned at your knee. Your patience in bringing up a large family while father was away preaching the Gospel, wins the admiration of all to whom the fact is known. Your unfailing sympathy with the children, and unswerving loyalty to Jesus has kept us true to the ideals you taught us; but, my mother, pass on—

pass on—the throne of heaven is for one greater than even you."

My father has been my life-long friend and counselor. The fundamentals of evangelical preaching I learned from him. He was my seminary course. I have lived with him since I was four years of age, travelling with him to many parts of the world, and I never saw him do an underhand thing, never saw him take advantage of anybody, never heard him tell a lie, never knew him lose his faith in God or swerve one iota from the Gospel of the Son of God. Yet to *him* I would say: "My father, pass on—pass on—the throne of heaven is for one greater than you."

And now I see coming towards me, dressed in the garments of a Galilæan peasant, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. His hands are bound, and between them there is a reed of scorn. His head is crowned with thorns; His hands and feet have marks of nail-prints, and His face is more marred than that of any other man.

"Art Thou He who should reign?" I ask Him.

He extends His bound hands, and shows the mark of the nails: "I bore them for thee," He replies.

He points to His thorn crown: "I wore it for thee. See the scars on My face? Your sin placed them there. I gave my life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?"

I take Him up to the throne, and He sits down upon it, and I behold the transformation! Instead of the crown of thorns He wears a crown of heav-

enly jewels. Instead of the reed of scorn, He holds the sceptre of righteousness, wherewith to judge the nations. Instead of the garments of the Galilæan, He is clothed in the purple robes of eternal kinghood! Instead of the face more marred than any other man's, I see a face shining with glory and honour, yea, lit with the light never yet seen on sea or land, that is, the light of heaven. I behold the angel-chorus as it comes to the coronation, and range tier upon tier behind the throne, until it disappears beyond my sight. Its members sing a song that reverberates throughout heaven and earth, and the words of it? Listen, and you shall hear them: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Friend, what does that Name mean to you?

Does it thrill you? Do you belong to Him? When you hear the message of Jesus, does it create an answering echo in your soul? Does the music of the name of JESUS stir slumbering chords in you that make a symphony of melody in your heart? Or is the story but an idle tale, that you hear for a moment and then forget? Oh, that the Name of Jesus would captivate your heart; that His sacrifice would draw you to Him; that His power would make you surrender your all into His keeping; that His exaltation might mean so much to you that you

would live for Him and one day share in it! It seems to me that every person who hears the story should kneel at Jesus' feet and say, "I love Him because He first loved me." His love is yours for the asking; He will write His Name upon your heart if you will give yourself to Him. How can you resist His love? Human love fails, but His love never. Try Him, today.

You recall the old story of George Matheson. He was studying for the ministry in Scotland. Suddenly his eyesight began to fail him. He went to one specialist after another, each of whom told him that within six months he would become totally blind. He was engaged to be married to a young lady in the community in which he lived. He went to her and told her his story, and, being an honourable young man, offered to release her from her engagement. She accepted that release and married his dearest friend. He was invited to the ceremony, and he went. With fast dimming eyes he watched the girl he loved, married to the man he called his friend.

He went home a broken man. He sat down in his little room and began to think. What was there to live for? Love gone, hope gone, and eyesight rapidly going. Then he turned toward heaven and realised that God was still with him. Dropping down on his knees, he said, from the depths of his soul, "Oh God, Thy love will never let me go." And it never did. For fifty years he anchored his soul in that love. He was known the world over as the blind preacher of Scotland. He wrote one of

the most beautiful hymns ever written, and whenever I sing it I think, "Oh that men and women, boys and girls, would anchor themselves in the love that never lets go!"

How many times Jesus is forsaken for the fickle friendships of this world; yet He is a friend who never leaves and never forsakes. How many times a man sells his soul for temporal things, when what he needs are eternal things, such as only Jesus can give. I pray God that none who read these words will wait another day without finding Jesus, but come to know the glory and possession of that Name which is above every name—the Name of our loving and conquering Lord.

*"O, Love that wilt not let me go,*
*I rest my weary soul in Thee;*
*I give Thee back the life I owe,*
*That in Thine ocean depths its flow*
*May richer, fuller be.*

*"O, Light that followest all my way,*
*I yield my flickering torch to Thee;*
*My heart restores its borrowed ray,*
*That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day*
*May brighter, fairer be.*

*"O, Cross that liftest up my head,*
*I dare not ask to fly from Thee;*
*I lay in dust, life's glory dead,*
*And from the ground there blossoms red,*
*Life that shall endless be."*

## IX

## THE RELATION OF THE MOVIES TO THE AMERICAN HOME

*"The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon . . . all pleasant pictures."*—ISAIAH 2: 12, 16.

THE home is the very centre of national life. Moving pictures are of universal interest, because everybody in America is either for or against them. Thus when I selected the above topic for this chapter, I believed that I was choosing a subject that would be of interest to every American citizen, and every American home.

I want to speak of the motion picture in its relation to three things necessary to every American home—education, morality, and religion. Without these three elements the American home can never develop in the future as it has grown in the past. Virtually the home is built upon them; they constitute the three fundamental principles of real national life. Now I am not going to lay down any law that every man must follow and every person believe. I am not going to make a statement that I demand everybody to accept, but what I am about to do is to express a personal opinion—a vigourous one, I hope—and I simply ask that you give the arguments I present your intelligent con-

sideration. If you do that, whether you agree with me, or not, I shall be satisfied.

First: *The relation of the movies to education.* As a means of education, I believe the motion picture is one of the greatest inventions of the age. For teaching history, geography, botany, zoology, in fact all the sciences, wonders and glories of nature, it has no peer. I am convinced that it should be installed in every public school, and predict that it will be within twenty years from today. It would go far towards solving the teacher problem and bring in a uniform style of teaching such as we have never known. When the motion picture is universally used in our public schools we shall have an opportunity of gathering an all-American scholarship team as we now do an all-American football team. Even better than that, (for an all-American football team is but a mythical organisation) in scholarship we could make it actual by bringing together the best students in each state, making them work in an elimination contest for the championship of the United States with a worthwhile prize for a goal, such as a trip to Europe or a scholarship in a great American university. This could hardly be accomplished today because we have different systems of teaching all over the country, with the inevitable result that some states are far more advanced than others.

I believe that with the aid of the motion picture children would learn more, and more rapidly. The eye receives and retains impressions much more quickly and for a longer period than does the ear,

For instance: Take the movie as it relates to the great facts of history. Let the children see them; march those historic figures and events before their eyes, and they will remember them all the days of their lives.

There are some people who raise an objection to movies for children on the ground that they have a bad effect upon eyesight, and that, as a consequence, perhaps, the eyesight of a whole generation would become strained. In answer to that, let it be said that a moving picture screen has been made whereby children are able to see pictures in a sunlit room. It would not, therefore, injure their eyesight any more than looking at some faces to be seen at the head-desk does. I had a woman teacher, about fifty years old, when I went to school. She was a "miss," but she never missed *anything*, and I know I could have looked at movies all day long without the strain on my eyesight that she was. I do not wish to insinuate that all teachers are tiresome to look at; that is not so. On the other hand, I do not see how any woman can, for years, teach a bunch of unruly children, such as this generation produces, and still remain entirely sweet.

I believe every father and mother should advocate the employment of movies in the schools, not only in the interests of education, but aiming at satiation. If children were seeing movies in the schools five hours every day, they would not be so eager to run around the corner every night to some cheap, degrading, picture-palace. Movies in the

schools would cure the craze for movies every night more quickly than all the "Thou-shalt-nots" in the world.

The movies the children see today give them an insight into things they ought not to have. Some movies furnish a course in crime, teaching that, if a criminal "gets away with it," he is not necessarily a bad, but a smart man, who has not been found out. He *is* smart, and for a good many people, there is nothing wrong in *doing* wrong, but in being found out. But that does not alter the fact that the criminal is a bad man. Surely we do not want to give our children the idea that if they grow to manhood and cannot make an honest living they may turn criminal with impunity, so long as they are not found out? The education the movies need to teach the children is that "honesty is the best policy," and that the moral, righteous life is the only life that gives any eventual satisfaction.

Other movies offer nothing but exaggerated romance, teaching the average young girl that all she has to do is to get married and that then she will have nothing further to do than to recline on silken cushions in a home that looks like the Grand Central Station, New York, and be waited on by a retinue of servants. She gets married with that idea in her brain only to find that she has to wash dishes. That ruins romance. Result: the divorce court. If you do not believe this to be true, ask any young man of your acquaintance who wants to marry, and he will tell you that many of the girls of today, no matter what their station in life, desire more than

the average young man is able, by honest means, to give them. Many a young fellow would like to get married if he could have a good girl for a life-mate, who would be willing to fight her way alongside of him so that, together, they may reach an easier stretch of the journey. Many intelligent people are advocating that men should not marry until they are thirty-five; but when young men defer marriage until they have reached that age, mighty few of them ever marry at all. I do not mean that what I have just said applies to all girls; it does not, but it applies to a great many. Nor are the movies entirely to blame for this attitude of mind, but, in some measure, they are to blame. The real blame, perhaps, should be laid at the doors of parents who do not give their children a true idea of what true romance really is. When parents wake up to their responsibility to their children, and teach them the importance of facing life honestly, inspired by the desire to attain what they want by hard work, and not by lax or questionable methods, perhaps this trouble will clear itself up.

Again: many movies give a low, distorted idea of sex, and these appear to be given the preference over every other sort. The average boy and girl of fourteen carries a bored, sophisticated look as who should say, "I know it all." Now, these youngsters are the victims of a perverted education gathered from a worthless source. The idea emphasised by pernicious movies is, that immorality is a general thing, and infidelity in marriage almost universal. Even if it be so, as some pessimists

appear to think, but I, for one, deny, how are you going to lift our race by teaching young people at their most impressionable age the degenerate features of our so-called civilization? Young people follow the teachings given them in their youth, and they are doing it to the undoing of America. If fathers and mothers will protest against the kind of education given young people by vile movies and demand a worthwhile one, they can save the American home for the coming generation.

Secondly: *The relation of the movies to morality.* Generally speaking, the morals of the movie are low. Whose fault is it? Yours and mine. We are the censors of the moving-picture screen. If we were to make up our minds not to allow bad pictures to be shown in our community, they would not be produced. If the salacious picture did not make money, no motion-picture producer in America would produce that picture, and if America would face that fact, the solving of the motion picture problem would be an easy matter. Any motion picture that makes money is, according to the producer, an artistic success; any picture that fails to make money, is a failure. If. by producing a vile picture, a producer can make a half-million dollars, that is the kind of picture he is going to produce. That is what he is in the business for—to make money. If he produce clean and worthwhile pictures, and they lose him money, can you blame him for not continuing to produce them?

If American fathers and mothers care so little for their children's welfare as to allow the vicious

picture to be shown without protest, they have nobody to blame but themselves if their children go to the devil. The way to get clean pictures shown in your town is by local censorship. State and national censorship does not accomplish the desired results. Elect a board of censors of not less than twenty men and women for a period of not more than six months. (After you see pictures for that length of time every day, you become hardened to them and let anything get by, so some of my censor friends have told me.) Don't tear a picture to pieces. By that I mean, don't say this picture may be shown if such and such is cut out of it. It takes a person who understands the business thoroughly to cut a picture and preserve its continuity. Don't fool with the " border line of indecency " picture at all. Just say, " We, as a group of American citizens, object to this picture being shown in our town." If five thousand towns and cities in America would do that, do you not see how careful the movie producer would be, about the type of picture he produced?

There *are* good pictures which contain authentic entertainment-value. I know the producer's wail is that there are not enough of these pictures to go round; but there are lots of good pictures that could be shown if they had a chance. Moreover, the movie habit has obtained such a hold on the people that they would pay their money to see good ones just as readily as they pay to see bad ones, if the good ones were the only ones being shown.

It seems to me, there are three things that

should be watched and guarded against in the moving-picture business.

(a) *The cursing Sub-title.* The average movie seems to have swearing in it—not with dashes for you to use your imagination about, but printed out on the screen. It is an easy thing to learn how to swear, but a hard matter to stop. We need a campaign for better English. Slang is bad enough, but blasphemy and swearing is ten times worse. If swearing be permitted in our books and allowed to be shown on the picture-screens, the children will come to believe that swearing is permissible; consequently, we shall grow a generation of blasphemers. Swearing is prevalent enough now; but America should see to it that the motion-picture be not permitted to further the habit by flashing " swear-words " on its screens.

(b) *The Sunday Movie.* When a preacher protests against the Sunday movie there are people who say, " Naturally *he* protests, because it hurts his business." Fortunately, I can say that it does not hurt *my* business. I get as many people at my meetings as the motion-picture theatre does; at any rate, as many folks as can be accommodated in the building I happen to be using; so I do not protest against the Sunday movie because it hurts my business. Leaving this phase to one side, let us examine the arguments for and against the Sunday movies. Those who are in favor of them say, " Sunday is the only day the working man can go with his family to the movies; the young people are better off in the movies than they are on the

street or riding around in automobiles without chaperones; moreover, why should an irreligious man be compelled to observe a religious day? "

Those who are against the Sunday movie say, " In these eight- and ten-hour work days the average working man can go to the movies every night in the week if he so chooses. In respect to the young people, remember that on the street or in automobiles, at least, they get fresh air and sunshine, though what is said about the danger of the automobile and the unchaperoned young people is mighty true." But, usually, automobiles are controlled by parents, and if the parents are so indifferent to their children's welfare as to put the car in their hands without knowing where they go, with whom they go, and under what circumstances they go, then the parents are to blame, and not the movies, if the young people go wrong. The churches ought to take care of the young people on Sunday and give them some wholesome times. The young people should be allowed to take part in the evening service, which service should be marked by much singing, music, illustration. Or make it an evangelistic service with plenty of enthusiasm thrown in. Preceding the sermon, let there be talks on the topics of the day by men who are capable of giving them. Then, when the sermon comes, let it be the Gospel, clear-cut and to the point, not long-drawn-out. So many churches never seem to have awakened to the fact that the old Gospel must be presented in a new way, if it is going to reach the young people of this generation.

Jesus adapted His message to His crowd, speaking of sowing the seed to the farmer, of the fisherman's net to the fisherman. We seem to be incapable of adequately adapting our message to the needs of the hour. There is no new Gospel or Saviour, but there *are* new ways of presenting *it*, and introducing *Him*.

So far as I am able to see, there is no strictly religious reason why the movies should not run on Sunday. It is ridiculous to ask a sinner, dead in trespasses and sins, to worship the Lord on the Lord's Day. The Sunday movie is not a question of religion, but of common sense. Where is the American who wants to live in a city where there are no churches? We want our children brought up under church influence and church ideals. Who would substitute the Sunday moving picture show for the church? Nobody, who cares anything about the home or the nation. If these things be true, then it is pretty poor policy to handicap the church by allowing the movies to run on the one day in seven on which it has to make its rightful appeal to the community. Moving-picture theatres in the city of Philadelphia close on Sundays. Yet their owners make money. It follows, therefore, that they could close in any city in America and yet show adequate financial returns during the remaining six days of every week.

(c) *The Indecent Movie.* Some folks say the movies are no worse than stage-plays. That may be true. If it is, then the movies should be made better and cleaner than the plays, because they

reach more people. Five million people go to the movies in America every day, and the figure, I understand, is rising. If you are reaching more than thirty million people a week you must have something with which to elevate them; if you degrade them, you degrade the nation. " Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Some folks say that the only way to clean up the movies is to stop going to see them. To be sure, we ought not go to see indecent movies, but to stop going to see movies altogether will not " clean up." I once heard a man say that if all church members would stop attending motion picture theatres, they would have to close up. I am sorry for the man whose vision is so limited and who cannot count figures. There are over fifty million people in America who belong to no church whatsoever. What do *they* do? Do they never go to see movies? Were every church member to stop going to see movies, they would become so rotten, inside of a year, we should hardly be able to live in the community where we now reside. To say " Don't go " is an easy way of dodging a tremendous difficulty. Even if all the preachers in all the denominations were to say " Don't go," the people would go just the same. In this generation, no Protestant preacher can tell his congregation what they must, or must *not* do. He may suggest, but he cannot command.

The moving-picture is a marvellous invention, and ought to be made fit for every Christian to enjoy as fully as anybody else. To illustrate:

Edison is supposed to be more or less of an infidel. He told me himself that he had no religion. But because of that fact do Christian people stop using electric light, and burn oil lamps? The automobile can be made the greatest single facility for the indulgence of immoral practices in America. But do good people stop riding in them and take to walking on that account? Because some of the motion pictures are vile, does that mean we may not see good ones? Shall we be prevented from enjoying them because of the character of the lives lived by some of the people engaged in that industry? If you follow that line of thought in all things, you would not be able to read many books, listen to much music, or use many modern inventions.

No; the way to eliminate the indecent movie is for every right-thinking American to protest so vigourously as to bring about their banishment from the screen. Bring along all the worthwhile pictures and let everybody have a chance to see them, and eliminate, by censorship, the vile pictures which threaten the safety of the American home.

Thirdly: *The Relation of the Movies to Religion.* Movies are essentially an amusement; whenever they begin to specifically teach religion they move out of their sphere. They can give us education and teach morality, but they must leave the teaching of religion to the churches—whose business it is. I never saw a " religious " play yet that kept to the Bible. A few years ago I went to see a so-called religious movie in which Christ was depicted

as being crucified by the Romans because he protested against the slavery which obtained in the Roman Empire. I defy anybody who ever read the Bible to find one verse in the four Gospels, which records a protest made by Jesus against slavery; and in His day there were about thirteen million slaves in the Empire. Jesus said, "Servants, be obedient to your masters," and, in those days, servants were little better than slaves.

My Bible says that Jesus was crucified because He said He was the King of the Jews; because He was rejected by them and handed over to the Romans for crucifixion. The Book goes on to say that this Jesus was the only begotten Son of God, and that He died, not only as a rejected king, but as the Saviour of men, offering on the Cross a sacrifice for man's sin, paying a debt that man could never pay to a just and holy God. My Bible says that He rose again from the dead and, today, sits at the right hand of God interceding for the sins of all those who put their trust in Him. My Bible says, too, that by His redemption He is able to save any man who by faith claims Him, as Saviour, and that one day He is coming again to be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords.

If that be the doctrine of the Christian religion—and it is—I do not want to see my Lord ridiculed on any motion-picture screen. Let the movies stay in their own sphere and let the churches teach their religion in their own place.

It seems to me that the process of lowering our standards, both as individuals and as a nation, is

becoming all too easy. We are forgetting the God of our fathers, of Washington and of Lincoln. I plead for our old ideals, for the religion of our fathers, with God in it, with Christ in it, glorified as the only begotten Son of the Father. If America neglect God she will go down in the dust as every other nation that has forgotten Him has done. We are starting on the same road—materialism, immorality, indifference, irreligion. Oh, may the American nation awaken to its responsibility before it is too late! Recall some of the lines of Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional:*

*"Far called our navies melt away;*
*On dune and headland sinks the fire:*
*Lo, all our pomp of yesterday*
*Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!*
*Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,*
*Lest we forget—lest we forget.*

*"If, drunk with sight of power we loose*
*Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,*
*Such boastings as the Gentiles use,*
*Or lesser breeds without the Law—*
*Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,*
*Lest we forget—lest we forget."*

## X

## WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

*"All that are born of the country shall do these things after this manner."*—NUMBERS 15:13.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once said: "Patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel," and when we see some of our so-called patriots waving the flag in one hand, and carrying a bomb in the other, we are inclined to the old lexicographer's belief. Then there comes to mind an Italian expression which runs: "It is sweet to die for one's country"—a good, yet somewhat narrow conception of patriotism. Again, one recalls a professor at Vassar College who, in 1898, said: "Patriotism implies the sacrifice of self for the good of all." And that, also, is well put; but how does one know that his sacrifice is for the good of all? Men have died by thousands for worthless causes, thinking that what they did was for the good of all. No! Patriotism must go deeper than any of these definitions. Patriotism means unswerving loyalty to a threefold ideal—an ideal which is best expressed in the words liberty, justice and truth.

Let us look, for a moment, at the history of patriotism. It might reasonably be said that Abraham was the first patriot of which we have

any knowledge, for, leaving all, he started out after he was eighty years of age, to seek a country that was to be his by the gift and favour of Jehovah. With the early Jews, patriotism meant loyalty and love for their fathers as the heads of households and the rallying around them against all odds; willingness to die for, and in defense of them. Gradually this clan or family feeling broadened in feudalism, under which numerous families rallied around the strongest family to keep out aggression. Electing themselves a chief, these families became so strong as to take in a whole people, and permit their chief becoming king. But kings soon degenerated, and men embodied their patriotism in the city of their birth, choice, or liberty, and so became Spartans, or Athenians, or Corinthians, or Romans, or Florentines, or Venetians.

The first appearance of modern national patriotism was seen in France, where an entire people united to rid their country of its foreign rulers. But the threefold ideal of patriotism to which I have just alluded, did not come until the French and American Revolutions. At that time the people, dimly and, in some respects, ignorantly perhaps, fought for liberty, justice, and truth. Ever since America has stood for that ideal. To be good Americans we are called upon to stand by her; to defend the ideals upon which she is built. Yet mere loyalty to country is not enough, unless that country stand for liberty, justice, and truth.

Let us glance, for a moment, at each of these

qualities which go to the make-up of this three-fold ideal.

First: *Liberty*. Atop of the admirable Court-house in Worcester, Mass., you will see graven these words: "Obedience to law is Liberty." Were I to write a hundred pages, I could not put the essence of liberty into so conclusive a form. There is no liberty without law. Personal license is personal lawlessness. In the beginning of his history, man tried, for two thousand years, to do what he saw fit in his own eyes without regard to law, and the world became so wicked that God destroyed it with the Flood. During the last few years, Russia has tried somewhat the same scheme, with a resultant chaos that will take a generation or more to straighten out. Some people in America would like to try the same brand of so-called liberty. Some assert that our system of government is far from blameless; but it is the best government that has ever had an opportunity to govern on this earth, and we would not exchange it for any lawless dream of communism. If the people who object to our government do not like it, they should seek some other country where, perhaps, they may find what they are seeking—with reservations.

I believe that liberty means religious, political, social, and economic freedom. Freedom of speech and press; freedom for the poor as well as the rich; freedom for the individual, so long as that freedom does not become license and encroach upon the liberty of others. It means, too, that even if my idea of liberty be contrary to the will of the major-

ity, I must still conform to law established, and in so doing, I shall find true liberty.

Secondly: *Justice*. There is no real liberty without justice. Justice means impartiality, an equal chance for all. But the question is, do we get it? Some say we do not, and affirm that the rich and politically powerful flourish while the poor and the weak suffer. If that be true, whose fault is it? Yours and mine. We are responsible. Why are there more murders in the city of Chicago in any single year than in all Great Britain? Because we don't care who gets killed, so long as we, or our friends, do not. We do not enforce the law. Some of our states have such antiquated statutes that it is a simple matter for a clever lawyer to get almost every criminal he defends out of a just penalty, through some technical loophole or another. The leading jurists of the country are continually calling upon the American people to simplify and bring their laws up to date, but so careless and indifferent are we that referendum after referendum calling for changes in methods of legal procedure are defeated by overwhelming majorities, by a so-called intelligent electorate.

Never will true justice flourish until the true ideal of justice is enthroned in our hearts. Never will an equal chance for all be vouchsafed until we are willing to back up men who are striving to do what is right and put out of office men who are doing what is wrong—until we elect men who are not awed by millions and oust those who are dazzled by some political prize. The greatest defence

in the world against mob-law, bolshevism, and communism, is the enforcement of righteous law; not merely against the soap-box orator, who is simply wasting breath, but against the bootlegger, the sand-bagger, the thief, the murderer, the white slaver, the sexual degenerate, and the immoral element in general. Some argue that it cannot be done, that the country is too large to administer detailed justice. Such assertions are foolish. One hundred and ten million people can do anything they desire to do. Whenever the people of the United States are interested in the enforcement of the law, the law will be enforced, and that speedily. But the law cannot be enforced by a minority if the bulk of people by their attitude do not ask for its enforcement. You may say, "I want the laws of this land upheld and infractions of them penalized." Do you? Do you believe in justice for all? If you do, then give it yourself, in your home, in your business, among your friends. Justice is like charity—it begins at home. If you are just and dispense justice to the best of your knowledge, then you can demand it in your city, your county, your state, and in that way aid in spreading it throughout the nation.

Thirdly: *Truth.* Without truth there can be neither liberty nor justice. To be an ideal nation we must be a truthful people. We Americans are sometimes known as a people with a great imagination. It is said of us that we like to stretch things to their greatest expansion; everything we have is the *biggest* and *best* in the world.

I recall an incident illustrating this point which happened when I was in Rome, a few years ago. The guide was telling our party of an experience he had had with a rich American who made his money contracting for the government during the World War. According to the guide's account, this man was a typical stage American—a big cigar in his mouth, a five-carat diamond ring on his finger, another huge gem in his tie, a check suit, a derby hat, and a loud voice. The guide took him first to the ruins of the Coliseum, which took ninety years to build and seated about fifty thousand people. There are stones at the top of the building—hundreds of them—weighing seven tons or more, which were hauled up by Jewish captives. These stones are one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. Listening to a description such as I have just written, the American became very interested, and when the guide told him that the vast structure took ninety years to complete, he said: "Shucks, we could build another just like it, in America, in ninety days." The guide stood in open-mouthed amazement.

"Really! is that possible?" he asked.

"Sure," was the reply. "In America we *do* things."

The baths of Caracalla came next. They were built to accommodate sixteen hundred people at one time and were composed of marble and mosaics. The American offered to duplicate them in thirty days. So it went all day, the man from the United States saying that in America, Rome's

glory was as nothing, and, between you and me, I have no doubt he thought he spoke the truth.

The guide, however, harboured the thought of revenge; he therefore left St. Peter's until the last. This marvellous edifice, which was designed by several of history's greatest artists including Michael Angelo, and took several hundred years to complete, stands in a class by itself so far as the cathedrals of the world are concerned. When the American saw it he took off his hat in admiration.

" Ah! " said he, " this is what I call a real piece of masonry. I'd like to know the fellow who built that. That is the kind of stuff we do in America. Tell me all about it. I suppose it took hundreds of years to build and all that stuff."

The guide looked at St. Peter's in reflective thought for a moment or two. Then shook his head. " I'm sorry, sir," he said, " but when I came past here this morning that building wasn't there; so I don't know anything about it."

Now, that kind of thing is sometimes told to illustrate the exaggeration of which some Americans are guilty. But the fact is, when an American does begin to talk with pride about the greatness of his country, nine times out of ten, he is not exaggerating at all, but telling sober truth. No man has to lie to glorify America; in many respects it is the most remarkable country in the world.

Every mineral known to man, with the possible exception of platinum, is found in America. There is one gold mine in the state of Nevada that yields

four thousand dollars' worth of gold a day, and has done so for years. This is one of two or three countries in the world where diamonds are found. Almost any climate can be duplicated here: If you want English climate, go to Oregon where the grass is always green and rain is ever near. If you want French or Italian climate go to the Carolinas or Georgia, where you can freeze in one portion and sit under palms in another. If you want Russian climate go to Minnesota or the Dakotas, where you can have it forty below zero in winter, and ninety-nine above in summer.

This is a land of rippling streams, placid rivers, tumultuous torrents, tremendous lakes, and is bounded by two of the world's greatest oceans. We have cascades that look like the scarf of some elfin sprite dancing in the breeze; and Niagara Falls, with 175,000 cubic feet of water pouring over it every sixty seconds. There are mountains of eternal snow and deserts of eternal sand; plateaus so straight and broad that you can look twenty miles and imagine you can walk the distance in twenty minutes. The greatest trees in the world grow in California. There is no equal of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; no duplicate of Yellowstone Park. This country is so large that you could put everybody in the world in the state of Texas and give each a plot of ground, and still have some space left with which to make parks! America is the land of the tallest buildings, the greatest railroads, the largest number of automobiles. It is the land of the full dinner-pail

and unlimited opportunity; where the employee is as good as the employer; where the working man owns his own home and drives his own car. The old world may have some things we haven't got. We have no Westminster Abbey, no St. Peter's, no Milan Cathedral, no Paris Louvre; but the Lincoln Memorial is a great modern building, and the Capitol at Washington a triumph of modern architecture.

With a few exceptions, Europe's art is in the past; their civilisation has been handed down, but we are building as we go. We live in the present and the future; they, in the past. We concede the charm and beauty of other countries, but to paraphrase Harry Lauder's song:

*"Though other lands are bonny, and though other folks are kind,*
*There is one scene, and one only, that is in the American mind."*

And that is America. We ought to be proud of her; we have a right to be. We do not have to lie or exaggerate. Let us tell the world the truth about her, both in word and deed. No man can be a good American who does not live the truth as well as tell it. I mean by that, that he may sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* vociferously, wave the flag frantically, profess to love his country dearly, but if he live contrary to the country's principles and laws, he gives the lie to his professed patriotism. He is just as much a hypocrite as that man

who joins the Church, professing to love Jesus, who goes out and lives for the devil.

Patriotism, then, is loyalty not simply of the mouth and head, but of the heart, to the threefold ideal of liberty, justice and truth. That man who is a real patriot will live, to the best of his ability, to bring his country nearer and nearer to that ideal; will do nothing to bring discredit upon its history or present achievement, and who, if necessary, will die to keep the ideal alive.

In conclusion: During the summer of 1920, I visited Belleau Wood. A French captain of infantry was our guide, and as we stood at the summit of the wood, he told us of its thrilling capture by the American troops. Belleau Wood, a mile long and a mile or so deep, was held by the German army for three years; it was considered an almost impregnable position. Various armies had tried to capture it, but always without success. So confident were the Germans of holding it, that they had built dugouts comparatively safe from all harm, except from the fire of the highest-powered guns. The nearest Allied trench was a quarter of a mile from the base of the wood. Into that trench the American doughboys were put with the order to take Belleau Wood at all costs. It was a strategic position that had to be taken before the Germans could be made to start for the Fatherland.

The American artillery opened fire, and, working day and night for twenty-four hours, pumped shells into the hill, twelve thousand of them in one day!

I can see the French captain's eyes now as I recall the enthusiasm with which he told the story.

The second day, the doughboys were ordered over the top. Going for a quarter of a mile through barbed wire and No Man's Land, swept constantly with machine guns and shrapnel, they obeyed orders. They captured the first line trench, and the second one, and the third—then they were ordered to halt, as the supplies could not keep up with them, but they said through their officers, "Stop nothing! We came to capture this hill, and we are not going to stop until we own it."

So for three days and nights, without cessation; without sleep except as they took it on the fly; without food save as they could get it from the scant supplies hurried up to reach them, they fought. On the third day they raised the Stars and Stripes on the observation tower as a sign that they owned the hill. The American doughboys had accomplished what no other army had done, and within four days of their firing their first shell.

Does not that story make you thrill with pride in belonging to a race of men like that? Think, then! What did those boys fight for? They were not fighting for money or fame; not fighting to add new territory to the United States; not fighting to satisfy the ambition of a group of men who wanted to dominate the world. They were fighting with the idea that by ridding the world of autocracy they were making liberty an actuality—making it possible for women and children to walk around the streets in freedom; making it possible for every

man to worship God as he sees fit, according to the law; fighting that liberty might prevail, justice shine forth, and truth not perish from the earth. They fought for what I call the threefold ideal of patriotism, sharing the triumph with all other men and women of other countries, banded together in a common cause.

When the Frenchman had finished his story of the fight, I followed his pointing finger with my eyes as it swept around to the right hand-side of the wood. There I saw two flags flying, from one mast at equal height—the Tricolour of France and the Stars and Stripes of the United States. Underneath them lay row upon row of white crosses—twenty-eight hundred of them—and I asked, "Is that the result of Belleau Wood?"

"Yes," was the reply.

I thought, then, of what we did at home, and how much we sacrificed over here. But what comparison is there between that and the white crosses? None. Only in the mother's heart, the wife's heart, the heart of the sister and sweetheart who "carried on," may that be found!

These men believed that if they died for the ideal of patriotism, those remaining would carry on that ideal to its consummation. The question is, —are we doing it? Is our ideal of patriotism as high as was theirs? Are we willing to live every day, and, if need be, die to preserve liberty, justice and truth? If we are, it involves sacrifice and unselfishness; and though we may not be called upon to die, we shall find that if we really live our pa-

triotism, it takes just as much courage to live for a great ideal as it does to die for one.

This also applies to the Christian believer. It takes as much courage to live for Christ as it does to die for Him. God expects us to be as true to Jesus Christ as we are to our country. If we carry the ideal of His liberty—the liberty that makes all men free—live His justice, and carry His truth in our hearts, I am satisfied that we shall be worthwhile men and women, useful Christians, and real Americans.

THE END.

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